When Shadows Leave

Buck's Rock, 1990

Allegra Boverman

When Shadows Leave

yearbook 1990

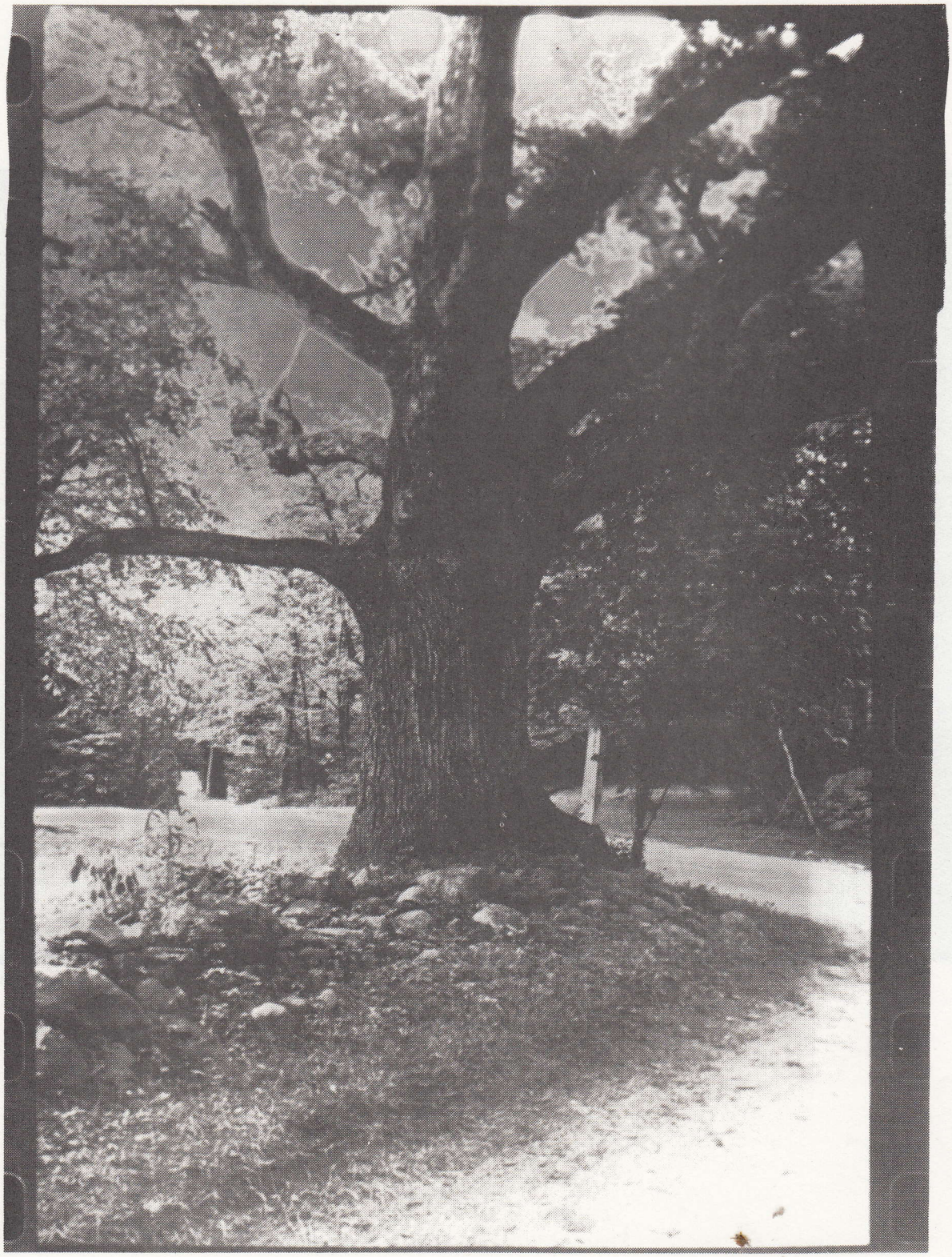

Photo by Jena Axelrod

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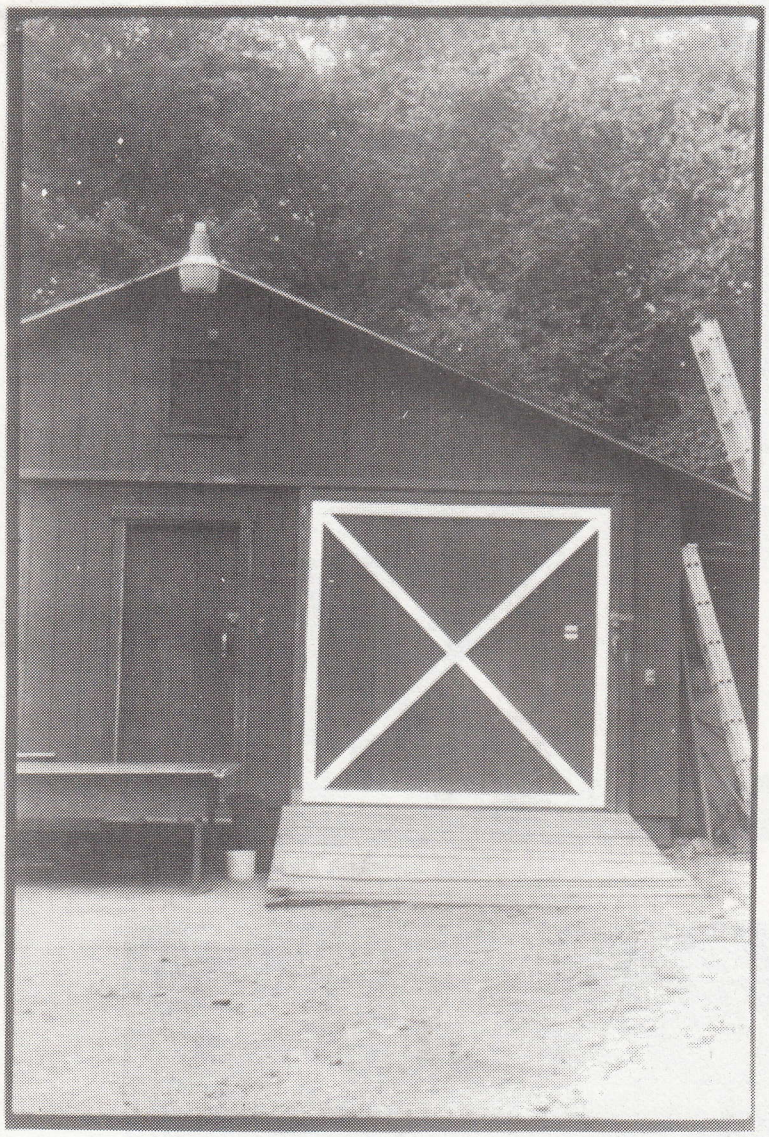

Photo by Sally Sumer

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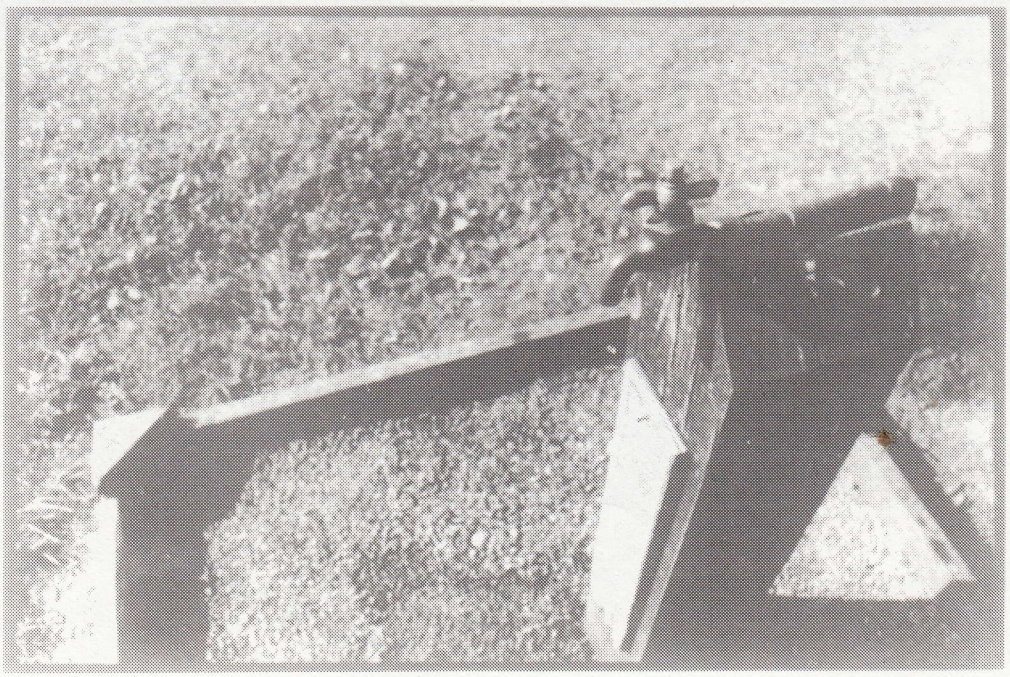

Photo by Zach Brown

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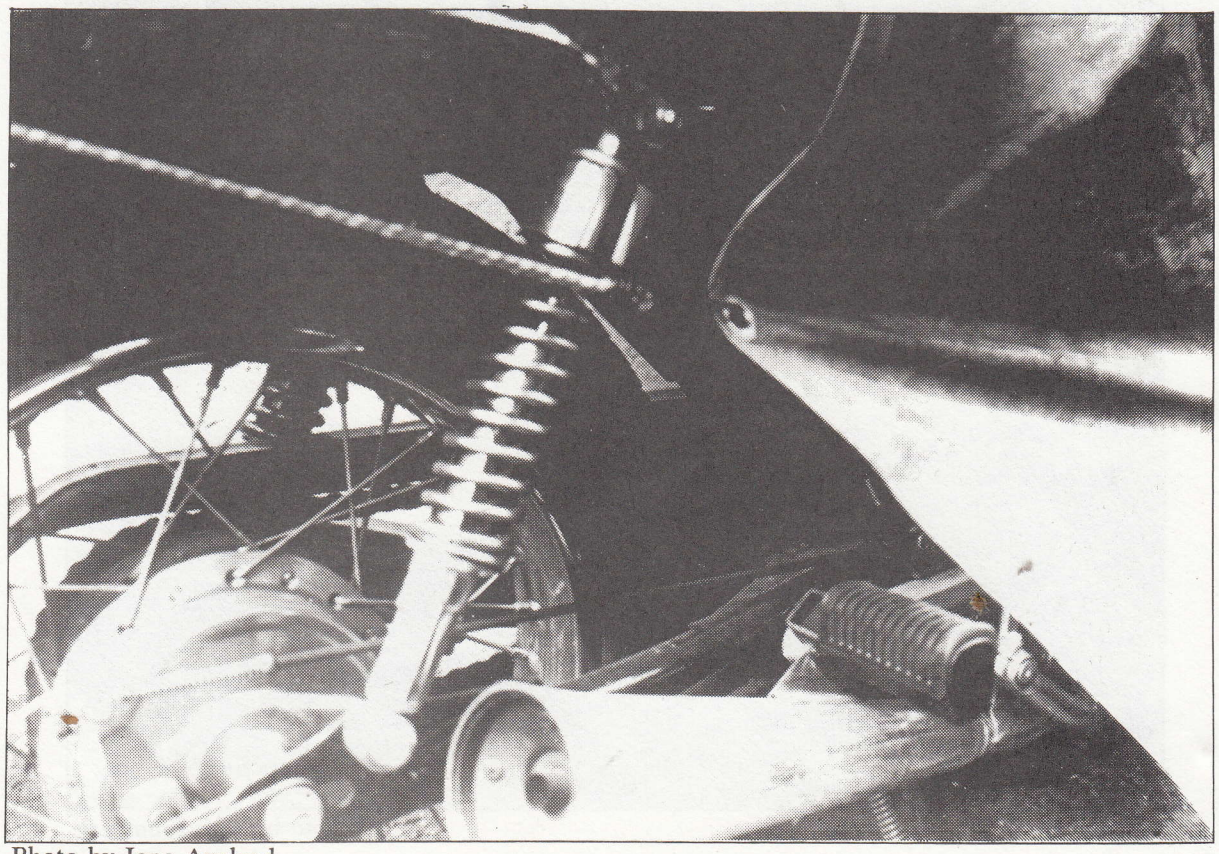

Photo by Jena Axelrod

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Photo by Alix Mann

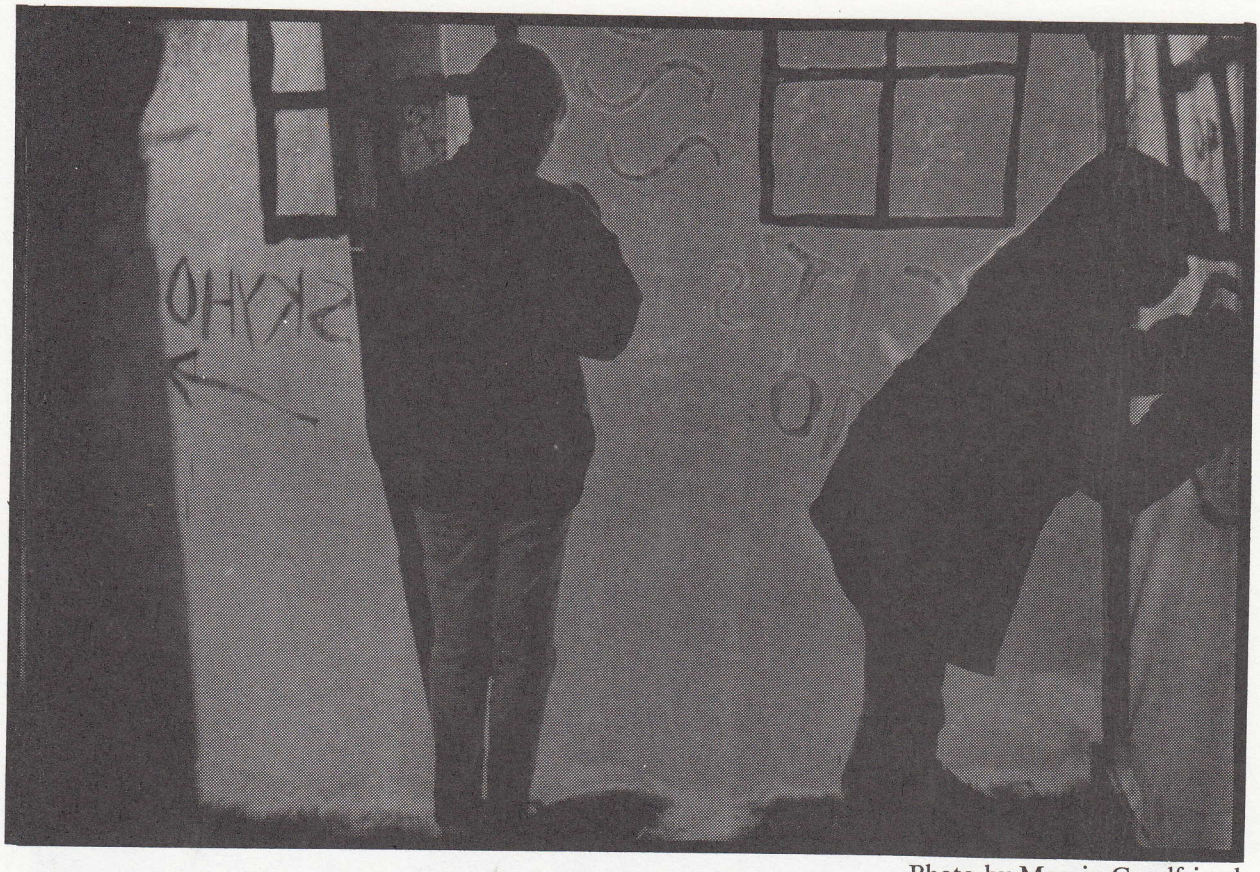


Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

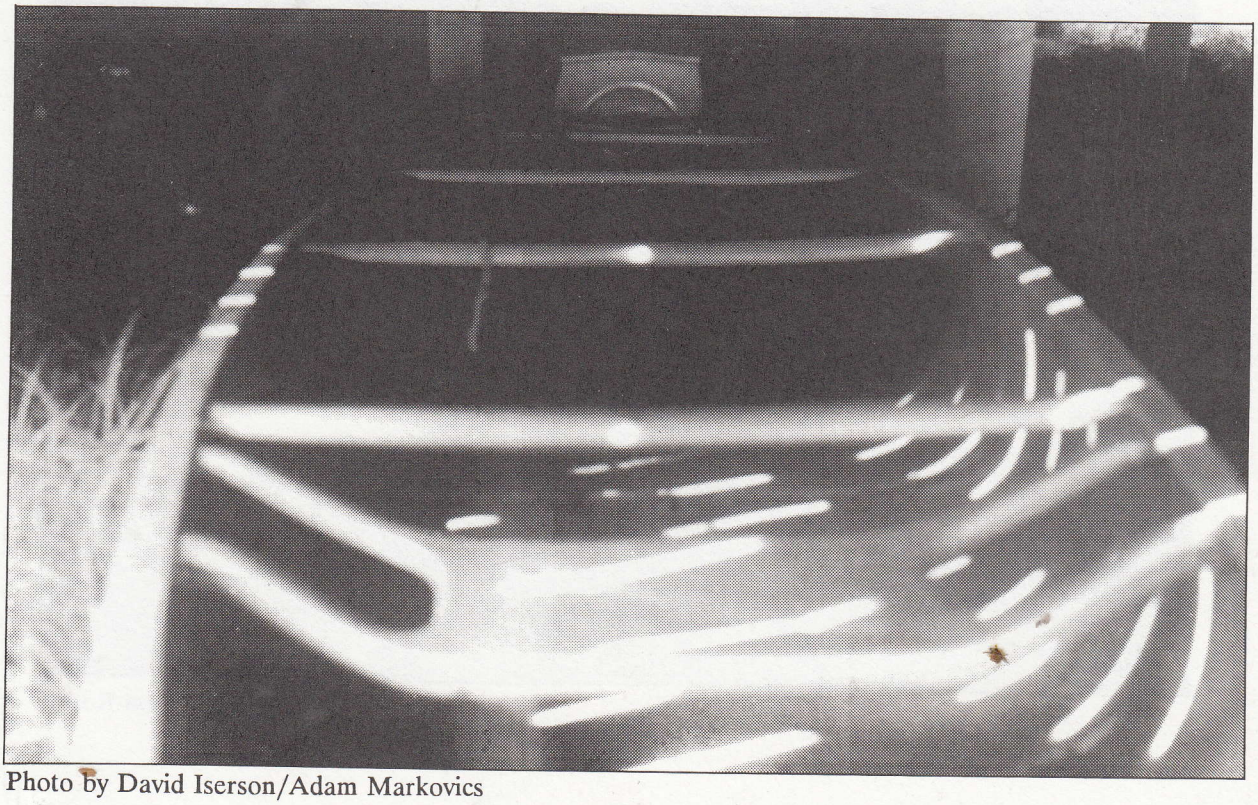


Photo by David Iserson/Adam Markovics

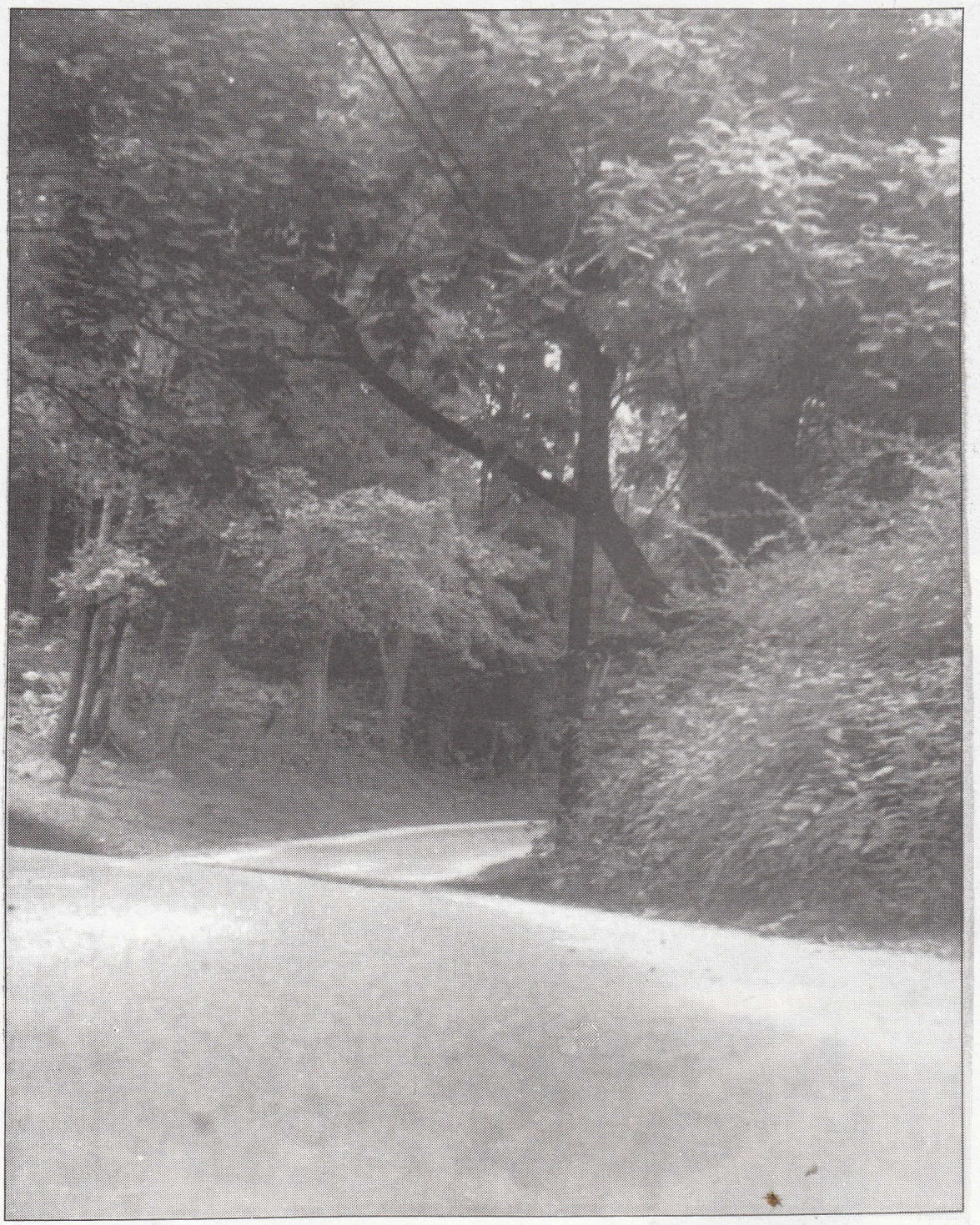


Photo by Simon Rosof

Visual Arts

...the mind is restless,
turbulent, strong
and unyielding...as difficult
to subdue as the wind.

– Bhagavad-Vita

glass · art · sculpture · silkscreen · wood · leather · largello weaving · pub · latik · print · Ceramics · jewel

Photo By Gabe Eber (CIT)

Photo by Sarah Parker, CIT

sculpture · print · gla largello · jewelry · lat weaving · ceramics · lat

Photo by Esther Ting

ceramics · g weaving · s silcscreen metalsmit art · sewing wood · leath

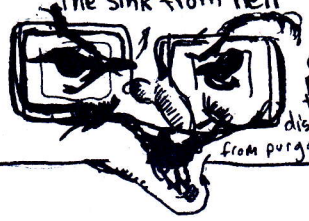
wa le st st C s w p s

wea la sil pub gla pri sew art

The joke about the print cabinets is an inside joke known only to shop heads and members of George Bush's cabinet and therefore not funny to any of you laymen.

artistic empty space

the sink from Hell



empty paper towel dispenser from purgatory

(eggshell white) garbage

Lloyd's Dog (a painting)

etching ACID

Nope, there will be nothing the least bit whimsical or humorous written about this print table. Oh, by the way, BIG FISH!

To all you puzzled souls: BIG FISH is a completely random comment, not an inside joke. (Bobby said it, & he's weird)

Eggshell white Tables

The Staff

counselors:
JAMES
LAURA
GAYLE
CHRIS

J.C.'s:
WHITNEY
BOBBY
ERIC
DARREN

C.I.T's:
ERINN
NINA
DEBBIE
BETH
ALLEGRA

this drawing is a collaborative effort by several members of the staff who choose to remain nameless. Thank you, And God Bless!

Bench. (Egg-shell white) (thoroughly warmed)

Irving the Obsequious press

Finger mangler the press

Bonecrunncher the press

Mort the Wonder press

Flesh wrenchner the press

Print Display Wall

Art books by Merlin Enabnit

drawing board

Caran D'ache pencils or some shrubbery. We don't care.

the official Jesse Fanbor collage-making place

Jesus sat here

Area of shop that defies gravity

mirror (where Darren admires himself regularly)

(& where Eric admires his newly sprouting beard)

smocks

garbage

Note: There are no, I repeat no inside jokes on this article. Nothing here has anything to do with anything.

(painted in Egg-shell white)

WBBC speaker

Art class drawings (no Jesus here!)

YOU ARE HERE (not there →)

open/closed sign

The Insider's Guide to the Art Studio

shelves

winning "Buck Rocks" sheets

paper

(Hey! who put in all this "Jesus" stuff!)

drawing boards (made by poor folks from Singapore)

oil paints

Skull paintings

still lifes

(to resurrect Jesus and begin the war for the holy land)

Monique Lebowitz's drawing (yes, it's an original!)

Whitney's Stage (for Go-Go dancin')

the Skeleton (James McElhinney)

Elvis buried here

vivaporous cloud

Happy cloud of workable fixative spray

Excuse me, I don't mean to interrupt your enjoyment of this little ditty, but do these easels look like a giant zipper or what?!?

Original Bob Ross Oil Painting complete with Happy little trees

Lloyd (unofficial deity of the Art Studio)

Batman paintings

Germany unified here

Seat for people without highly defined bottoms

"Vogue" paintings

magazines

Books written by Walter J. Foster and Ed Netziger

bug brushes book

Ye Olde Supply Cabinete™

bucket o' gesso

Nina was not here.

the (LOUD) Airbrush (which caused Allegra permanent hearing loss.) (tee-hee!)

Dan Letcourt honorary air-brush gunk

pencil sharpener

CIT schedule

Airbrush area

John Lee Hooker

Talking Heads

David Bowie

Beth's Mix

Elvis Costello

De La Soul

The STEREO

James' throne

Bobby's garbage center and secret hideout where he will start the glorious bloody Coup D'Etat to topple the bourgeois oppressors

the Mural

the pile

the Back

canvas stretchers

cabinets

the woods

Art

THE PORCH

CONFESSIONS OF A BATIK C.I.T.

"When exactly did you start having these nervous anxieties?"

"Do you mean, when did I start stretching my clothing on frames with tacks, or when did I start yelling the word, 'SNACK!' in a barbaric, guttural tone at random times of the day?"

"Let's deal with specifics later. For today's session, we should focus on the cause, instead of the effects. Yes? Good. Now let me rephrase my question: can you pinpoint a particular stage in your life that might have triggered these irregularities?"

"Honestly, Doctor, nothing comes to mind. Wait a minute. . . that's it!! It's all becoming clear, and so fast! Summer of 1990! The pieces are all fitting together. Doctor, I understand!"

"Okay now. Good. Just step down off my desk, please. Why don't you lie down and try to relax again. Thank you. Where were we? Ahh, yes, I do believe, correct me if I'm mistaken, that you mentioned the phrase, 'Summer of 1990.' I think it would be in your best interest to probe this subject further. Yes? Good."

"All right, Doctor. I'll try. I was almost 16 years old that summer, when I got a job as a C.I.T., at a creative arts camp. My specific shop was Batik. Batik is an old Indonesian art, using wax and dye, but I would rather not get into it."

"Why is that?"

"It's only because I'm afraid a 'discovering' camper is going to jump out and ask what the set does and if violet can go over emerald, and -- please, Doctor, it's too much!"

"Perhaps, this could be what is wrong. Now, this is just a little theory of mine, but are you suggesting that these nervous reactions are due to you having been a C.I.T.? You were an impressionable adolescent then, searching for role models and quality time, only to find dancing and singing fellow staff members instead."

"YES!! That must be the root of my problem. Yet, the fact we wound up eating Barbie's cereal, having imaginary conversations with movie stars, using rubber balls on sticks for massages (I won't get into that one), and witnessing 425 batiks on generic flowers, palm trees, and family pets, must also have contributed to my downfall. Please, Doctor, how can you help me?"

"So you feel your obsessive-compulsive behavior is due to this experience?"

"Yes, in one sense, but not a negative one. Actually, I think I miss it."

"You miss it?"

"Yes. I miss wearing the mask for mixing dyes that made me look like an anteater from hell. I miss the corny puns about die and dye. I miss going back to snack 85 times just to see Barbie's smile when she finally gets her chocolate chip cookies. I miss the family crayon portraits by Jessica. This, in turn, makes me miss Mom and Pops, Barbie and George, my oldest sister, Alison, my middle sister, Kimi, and my twin, Jessica. I miss the campers' expressions as they realized they they had another forty minutes of empty time to fill while dying. But most of all, I miss the way the sunlight filtered through the brightly coloured batiks."

Photo by Ilana C. Solmon

"Then you can only do one thing."

"What's that, Doctor?"

"Return."

"To Buck's Rock?"

"Yes."

"Home to Buck's Rock. Thank you, Doctor. I think I will."

Wendy R. Diskin

Batik

BARGELLO PRISON

PAST

It is believed that the name Bargello is derived from the palace Bargello in Florence, which was also used as a prison.

PRESENT

When I was sentenced to three hours at the dark, damp, and ratty prison of Bargello, I was working on what would soon be my most beautiful piece yet. It was called "Flying Colors." The piece clashed with the prison walls, but I liked it anyway.

I won't tell you what my crime was, because I don't want to be called a murderer during the last three hours of my life. (Whoops!) During our last few hours here, all of the prisoners have worked hard on their very colorful pieces in order to BRIGHTEN the days. The guards supplied them with the necessary needles, threads, and canvases. They did this so that when the prisoners made their ever-so-colorful pieces, they would go blind and would be unable to see who was executing them. In fact, the pillows contrasted with the walls so much, that when the prisoners woke up in the morning, they saw their walls decorated with bright bargello designs, and went blind.

Luckily I was never executed. They stopped me when I was halfway through my bargello. I don't mean to brag, but it eventually became the best piece in the history of bargello.

FUTURE

Now I have my own museum and, of course, it is the most famous in the world. I am also the richest person in the history of humankind. What a happy ending.

by Simon Rosof

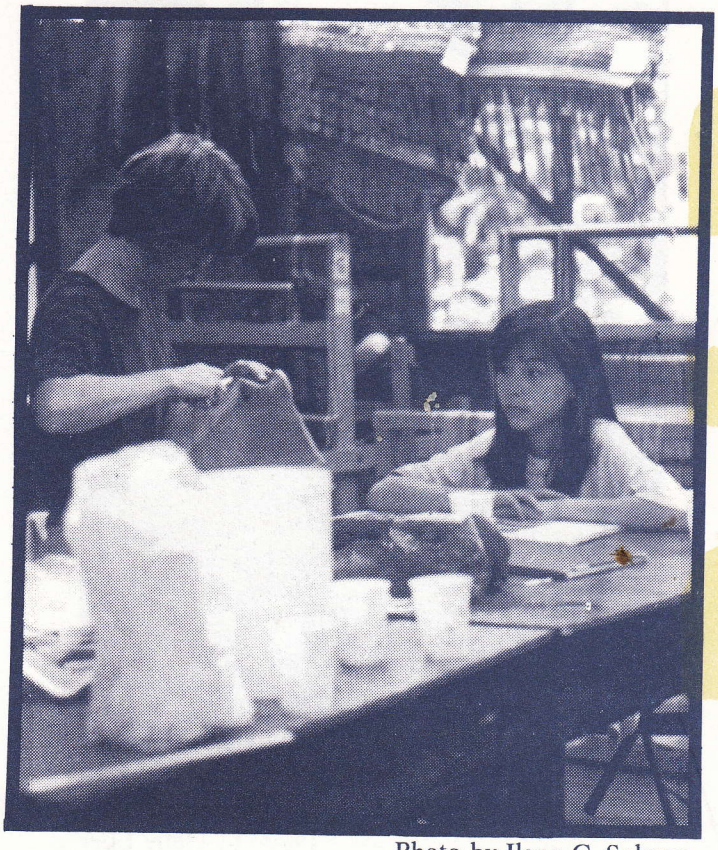


Photo by Ilana C. Solmon

Bargello

FUN WITH MUD

You might think all we do at ceramics is play with mud. That's what I thought when I first came here, but ceramics has much more to offer. At the Ceramics Shop this summer, we have made a totem pole, experimented with Raku firing, thrown and hand built pots, and sculpted almost everything imaginable.

The totem pole was thrown in sections on a potter's wheel by the counselors, and each section was then designed by one, two, or three campers. The group decorated it with everything from lions and birds, to vampires and pink elephants. It was then assembled with concrete and now stands as a permanent monument to the creativity of the campers at Buck's Rock '90.

If totem poles aren't your thing, you might be interested in the excitement of Raku. Raku is a form of traditional Japanese firing, in which a pot is dipped into a Raku glaze and then put into a small gas kiln. The pot is heated to 1600 degrees Fahrenheit and then pulled from the kiln red hot. Finally, the pot is plunged into a can full of sawdust and leaves. Once the pot is cooled, it comes out with a lustrous copper or white crackle finish.

Of course there is always throwing, slab building, and coil building. You might even try throwing with your feet, like one creative camper did. If you are not interested in making vases, mugs, or plates, you might be interested in sculpting. Anything can be molded -- from wizards, to turtles, to "Iron Maiden" heads.

If that's not enough, this year the shop took a trip to Todd Pyker's wood fire kiln and ceramics workshop in Cornwall, Connecticut. It was a huge workshop with lots of pots, big and small, and a 25-foot wood fire kiln.

Of course we have a fabulous staff headed by Frank Gosar, and assisted by Sue Taylor, Michael O'Malley, Henry Tanaka, Julie Apps, and Josh Draper along with C.I.T.'s Ben Ogden, Dina Gould, and Chris Borodenko, who all dance to Aretha Franklin.

Matt Stromberg

Photo by Gabe Eber

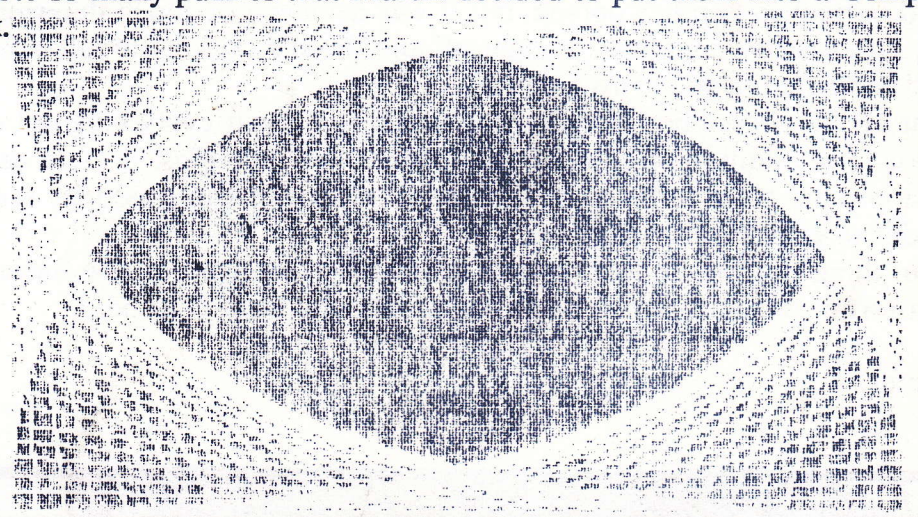
Ceramics

At the computer shop this year, Martin, our counselor from England, showed us just how exciting a computer can be.

The shop with its five machines and a printer, was able to produce work on paper as well as on screen.

A popular package from last year was "Newsroom." It has various sections, such as a photo lab and copy desk. It is arranged very much like a newspaper office. In fact, we even produced one of our own newspapers called "Buck's Apple." Kevin Missett was one of the most prolific campers, writing many of the articles. These included funny stories, cartoons, birthday announcements and reviews of movies and camp shows.

A new program this summer was "Crossword Magic." This allowed us to create our own crossword puzzles. It was one of the most popular programs in the shop. Campers wrote so many puzzles that Martin decided to put them into a Computer Shop Puzzle Book.



We used the LOGO programming language a lot. This language allowed us to make patterns and print them too. "LOGOwriter" was a favorite program this year. The campers defined shapes and characters and animated them to make computer movies.

Another favorite was the Apple BASIC programming language. Campers used it to create word reversers, computer-generated poetry, drawing programs, and graphic printers.

An advanced programming language, Pascal, was taught to a few campers. Pascal is a professional language, used in universities and businesses.

"Fantavision" is a movie-making program similar to "LOGOwriter." This program allowed campers to make animated, color movies with a variety of shapes and special functions.

And, of course, there's the immortal "Print Shop." This program let us print greeting cards, banners, signs, and letterheads. We could also edit and draw graphics for our creations using a graphics editor. Of course, people kept coming in and making strange printing requests (such as a banner saying, "Yes, Caan, the coffee's ready!!!").

As you can see, we've had a terrific year here, and we hope to have the same for the years to come.

Michael Handler
Michael Kaplan

Artwork by Tim Schmits

Computer

Not many people see glass as a formless liquid. It is the job of the glass artist to take this formless liquid and give it meaning, shape, and life. At the Glass Shop this year, many campers came and tried to give a name to this formless liquid.

From the first bubble to the final product, the artist controls the glass and tries to make it into what the artist wants it to be. This conflict between the artist and the glass can be resolved peacefully, and can result in a beautiful piece of artwork. On the other hand, if the artist is defeated by the glass, the result will be something other than what the artist intended, but equally as beautiful.

This summer many people have become the artist and have tried to force the glass into the shapes they want. Sometimes this wasn't too easy, so the artist had to work on the shape and strive toward his or her own idea of "perfection." This perfection may not have looked perfect to another person, but it was achieved by much determination and hard work. Often a new idea was thought of, and the old one discarded -- but not forgotten -- and recreated at the artist's disposal.

This year at the Glass Shop people have made just about everything out of clear and colored glass. The addition of colored glass makes the clear glass a mere canvas. The artist can apply the color to his or her desire, or the color can randomly scatter on the piece in order to create an unusual pattern.

The main thing that we all learned this summer is that glass can be more than a solid, or even a formless liquid; it can be anything that you want it to be.

Jason Wertheimer

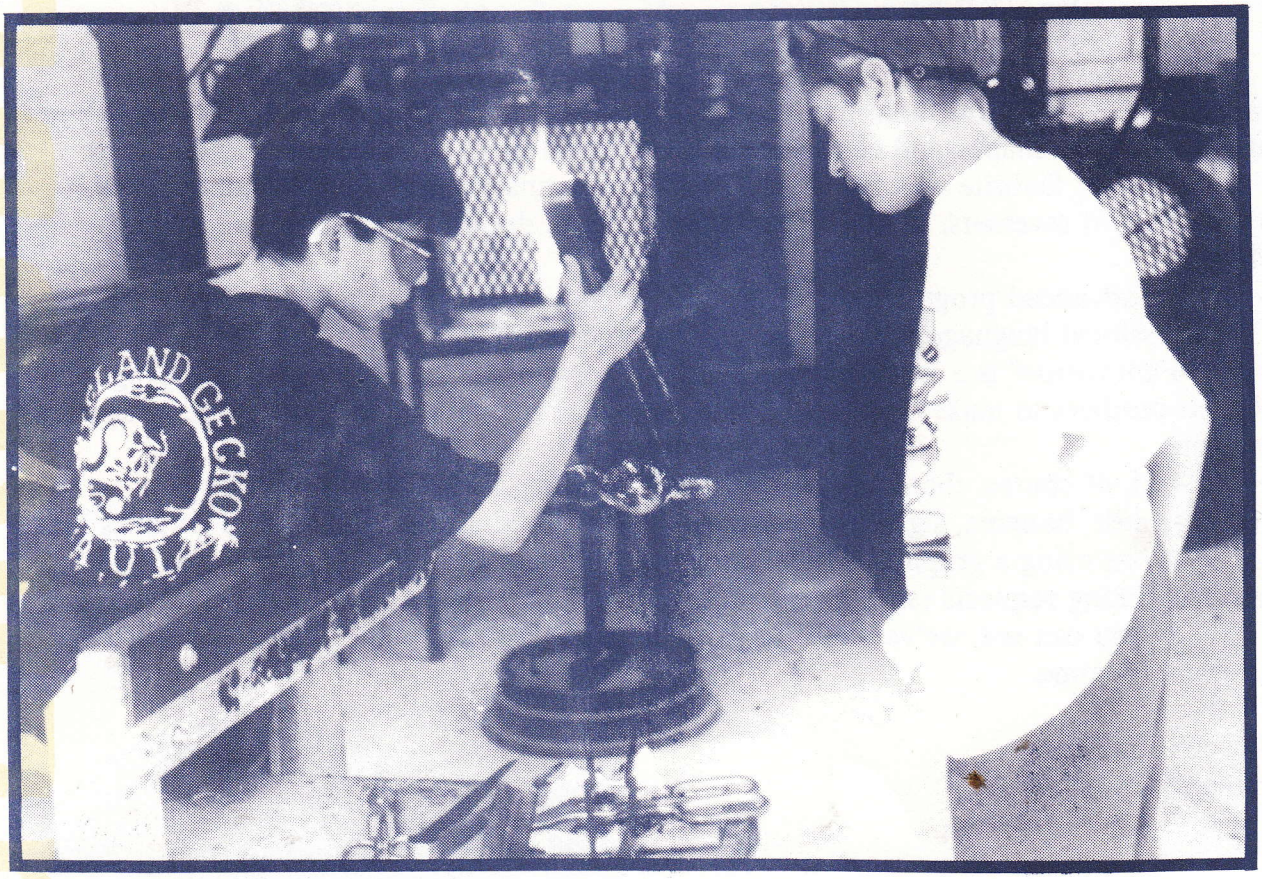


Photo by Esther Ting

Glassblowing

No one understands the full potential of paper until they step into the Leather Shop. Perfecting a paper replica of a project gives one a pattern from which to work. Making a paper pattern is a wonderful way to begin and end a day in leather.

A variety of projects can be made in leather including vests, hats, bookmarks and a wide range of items in between. But most prevalent in the leather shop are wallets.

Buck's Rock is lucky to have its own Claire Neretin, our leathersmith and mentor. With her help, campers transform uncut leather into masterpieces.

When you walk into the Leather Shop, you might expect to start your project by cutting leather. But people don't realize how long it actually takes before one can actually begin to cut.

The choice of leather instruments is limitless. Questions such as: "Should I use the brown knife or the yellow one? Do I even want to use a knife at all?" and "Should I use the leather scissors with the white string attached?" perplex many-a-mind. (If anyone finds the scissors with a white string attached, please contact Claire Neretin at the Leather Shop.)

Photo by Rennie Jaffe

So you've cut your leather and you are very excited about it. You sit there, look at the piece and caress it. But Claire reminds you that there is work to do, such as punching holes (another favorite Leather Shop step).

Once holes are punched, the leather is sewn up and dyed. You might think that you are finally done, but Claire has other ideas. She might ask you to make something at another shop to decorate your work. And unless you are very convincing, you will end up doing it (and enjoying it, too).

When you have completed your project and are very proud, you have every reason to sit back and enjoy the artwork that you have created.

So next year when you have nothing to do, get over to the slowly sinking green Leather Shop in front of Girls Cabins. Experience leather.

Dan Walinsky

Leather

The Jewelry Shop has the coolest staff and campers working in it. But we're a little biased. You can tell that we're so great because everyone that's anyone, hangs out on our porch. Not that the people are necessarily working on a project, but they're here!

When you think of the Metal Shop, you may think of our helpful and courteous staff, our lovely CIT's, the exquisite jewelry that is produced, or perhaps our espresso coffee maker and all of the iced cappuccino we make. Our hard-core regulars (those who stay to clean-up, all three of them) know that we take Buck Rocks extremely seriously (only two points away from the number one position). You may think of Caan in a dress, Tobi juggling hammers, Jody running the New Milford Eight, Debbie's orange Converse sneakers, Noah's sideburns, or Jessica's hidden knees.

But of course, most of you will think of FIMO! The tofu white and caramel candy brown dough that you can mold any which way and shade by mushing a mixture of Fimos together. There was literally a Fimo explosion this summer! It spread beyond the campers. House counselors and other staff members rushed into the Shop also to experience Fimo for themselves (while pretending to help campers). Our staff grew pretty sick of it, so when you eat the veggie meal, check to make sure it really is tofu -- and not the last of the white Fimo.

So however you remember the Metal/Jewelry Shop this summer, we hope it will bring a smile.

A group effort including:

Emily Pronin
Gabriella Weiss
Jessica Schlaifer
Jeff Lanfear
Megan McWade
Stacey Topel
David Stein

Photo by Esther Ting

Jewelry/Metalsmithing

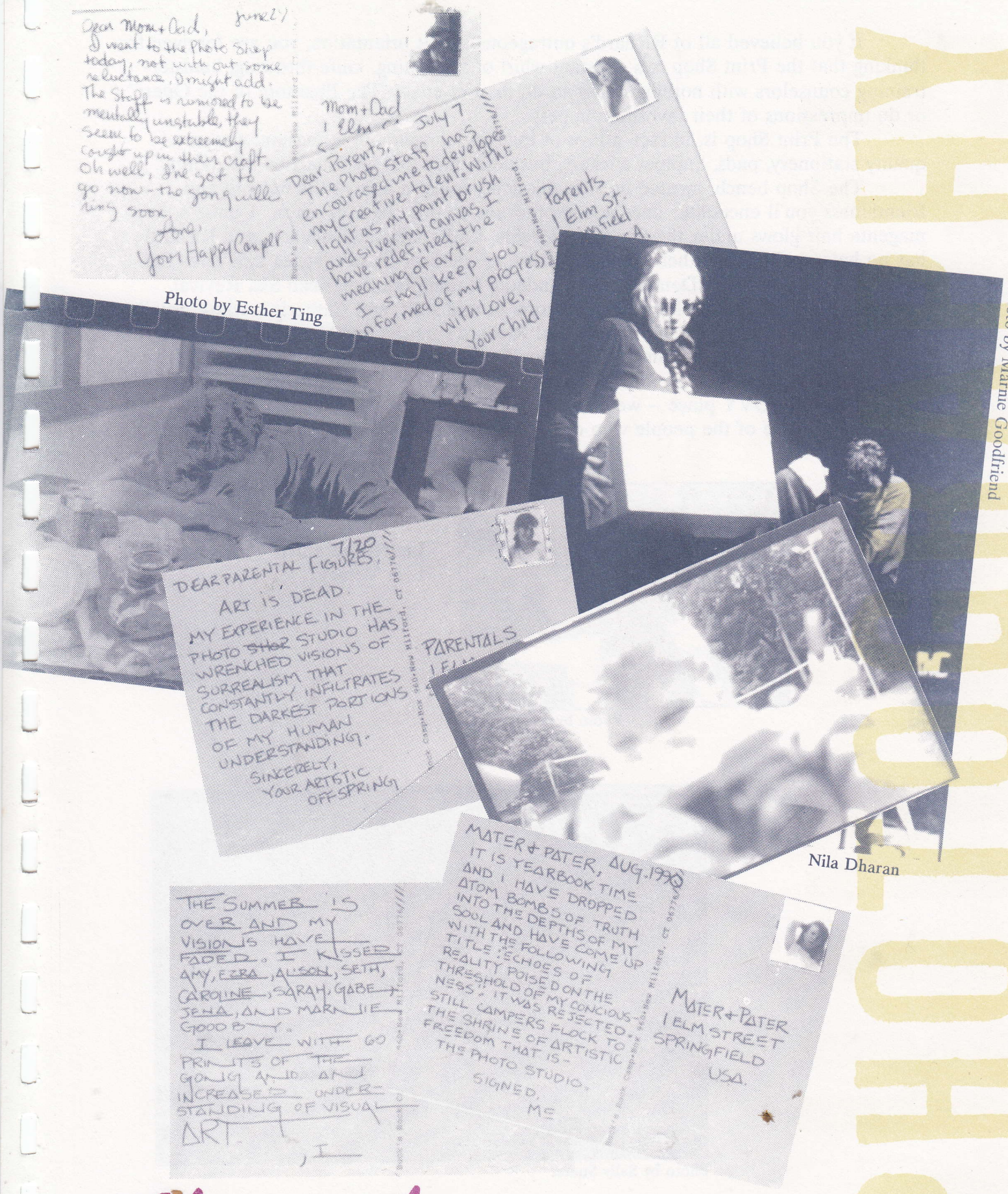


Photo by Esther Ting

Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

Nila Dharan

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photography

PRINT SHOP

If you believed all of Richard's outrageous lies at orientation, you are forgiven for thinking that the Print Shop is a constant whirl of fire-eating, knife-throwing, hamster-training counselors with nothing better to do than re-enact "The Phantom of the Opera" or do impressions of their favorite muppets.

The Print Shop is, in fact, a hive of industry, turning out a constant stream of quality stationery, pads, bumper stickers, business cards and informals by the million.

The Shop bench, located outside the door, is just a hint of the warmth and friendliness you'll encounter once you set foot inside this cheerful place. Denise's magenta hair glows under the fluorescent lights, Catherine's hair doesn't, and Richard has no hair at all! Then there's that "interesting" clash of musical styles that gives the shop so much character: Denise single-handedly leading the American Ska Revival, Richard with his Depeche Mode and all sorts of odd stuff, and Catherine, who's usually happy listening to anything but Denise and Richard's music; anything of course, except WBBC, which probably explains Print's appalling performance in "Buck Rocks" this year.

If this isn't enough to convince you that the Print Shop is an awesome, totally happening, GROOVY place -- we don't know what is!

(And some of the people who come to the Print Shop really do play with knives, heh, heh!)

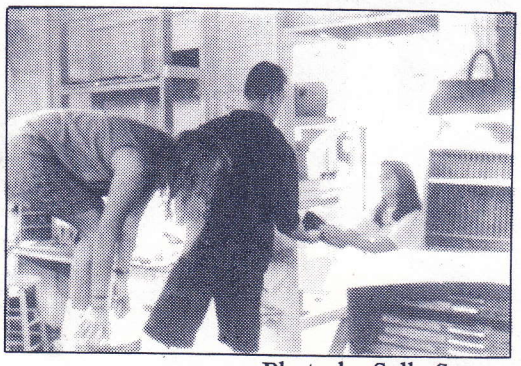


Photo by Sally Sumer

Lauren Seidman
Lisa Ventry

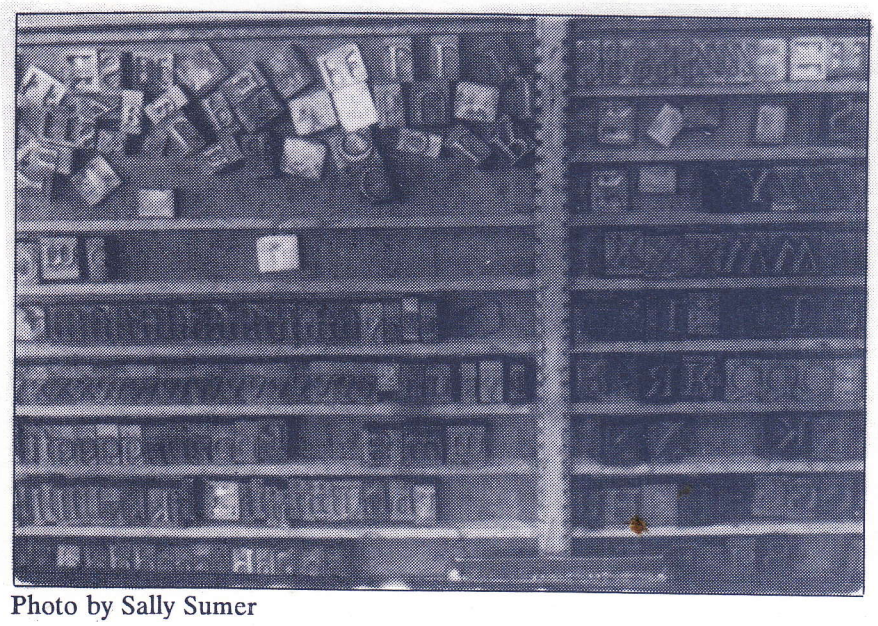


Photo by Sally Sumer

Print Shop

I remember my first day quite well. I was investigating shops and passed a large, rustic-looking place with a colorless dirt floor. There were a few metal and wooden scraps glued together into different shapes and figures. The first word that came to my mind was "junk." I was curious to find out what this shop was all about.

Photo by Esther Ting

After spending a few days in the Sculpture Shop, I realized the true meaning of sculpture. It is not just composed of junk glued together, but of creative feelings and ideas put into effect. Each different color and detail in a sculpture shows how the artist feels and thinks. I can explain myself in a sculpture instead of using words. If I am happy, I can use bright colors and fabrics. If I am sad and gloomy, I can use dark, cold fabrics and colors. I can even use fire and electricity to weld metal. There are few rules or limitations. Hearing the word "no" is just as unlikely as getting clean smelling laundry!

It is all about using your mind. If you feel you have trouble expressing ideas, the counselors have enough to sink an oil tanker. There is Jack, Sarah, Gail, Chuck, and Jonathan, who are always wide awake. There is also Jason, Sean, and Josh, who are always there to assist.

You can expand your horizons and make your sculpture come alive at the Sculpture Shop.

Josh Ilutzi

Sculpture

SCULPTURE

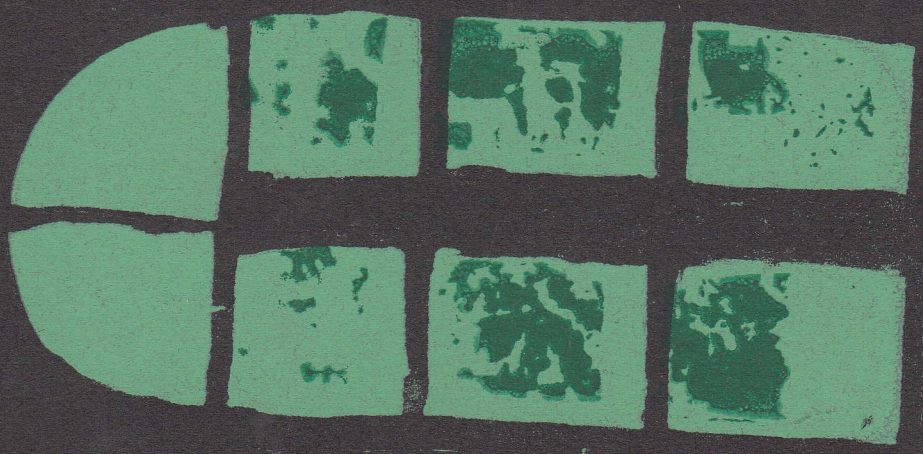
SILKSCREEN

Welcome to another episode of As the Ink Mixes, starring your favorite counselors -- Sharon, Bronwyn, Joanna, and Marc, and their faithful C.I.T.'s Alex and Paul. Entering the shop are the few happy campers who will do work today and the man who will hang out on the sofa behind the shop. While trying to mix that perfect shade, Joanna inadvertently redecorates the floor in a lovely green. Sharon laughs so hard that she knocks into a fan and manages to add yet another bruise to her plentiful collection. Bronwyn's "Bart Simpson" pictures are magically shredding into little bits. Could it be an act of God or that of a devious camper? Marc (the one and only Forby) dashes in, runs his hand through his hair and turns on the new turbo charged, super duper garden hose to full blast. Uh-Oh, mass confusion! Where are Alex and Paul when needed? They're in the back of the shop discovering hundreds of staple guns hidden in their shirts.

What will happen to the Silkscreen Shop? Will Nina ever reveal her true identity as "Wonderwoman?" Will Elissa finally figure out not to print on tracing paper? Will Jc ever find her celebrity look-alike? Will Noah get over the tragedy of breaking his three year tradition of writing the yearbook article? Tune in next week, for the exciting conclusion of As the Ink Mixes.

Jo Mareth
Nina Wolarsky

Photo by Ilana C. Solmon



Picture this...

You are standing on the porch of one of the craziest shops in camp. As you enter, there are campers on your right and left, bent over strange machines that have odd parts like bobbins and needles. On the shelves above their heads are completed projects and piles of fabric, some quite unusual, and others not so out of the ordinary. In front of you is a table filled with baskets, patterns, fabrics, and people. All of a sudden, someone appears in front of you and says with a smile, "Can I help you?"...or something like that. Before you know it, you're engrossed in a project. It may be clothes, a stuffed animal, a pillow, or just about anything else you could imagine. If you haven't figured it out already, you have just entered...THE SEWING ZONE.

Photo by Emily Pronin

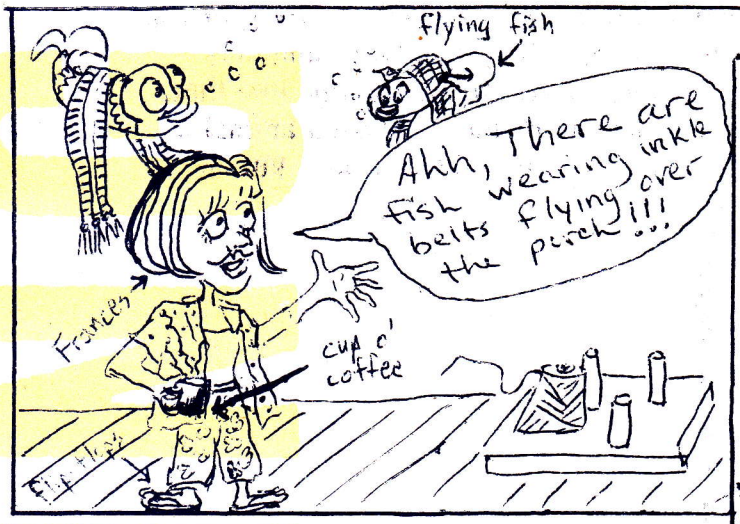
When the summer began, the Sewing Shop had basically sane counselors, C.I.T.'S, who were already fairly crazy in their own right, plenty of pins and needles, miles of thread and fabric, and empty shelves. Now, at the end of the summer, they have four fully functional, completely insane counselors (who may or may not return to their previous state of being), C.I.T.'s, who (as far as the eye can see) haven't been affected too much by the craziness, no pins or needles, a smaller supply of thread and fabric, and project shelves that are overflowing. I guess you could say that it was a productive summer.

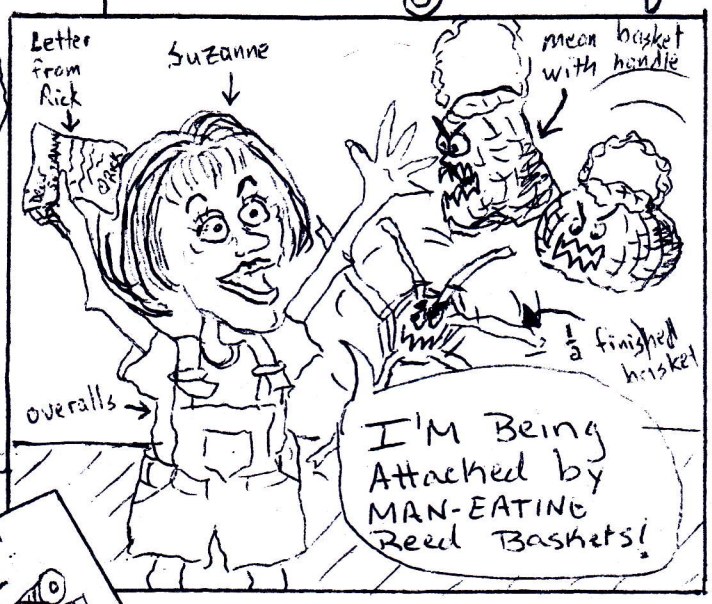
All in all, the Sewing Shop was a blast this summer and you really missed a load of fun if you didn't show up there. Thank you Pam, Angela, Katie and Ann Marie for all the help. And let's not forget to thank Jen, Karyn and Vanessa for everything they did. We may have driven you crazy this summer, but we had lots of fun doing it. Thanks for everything and we'll see you next year!

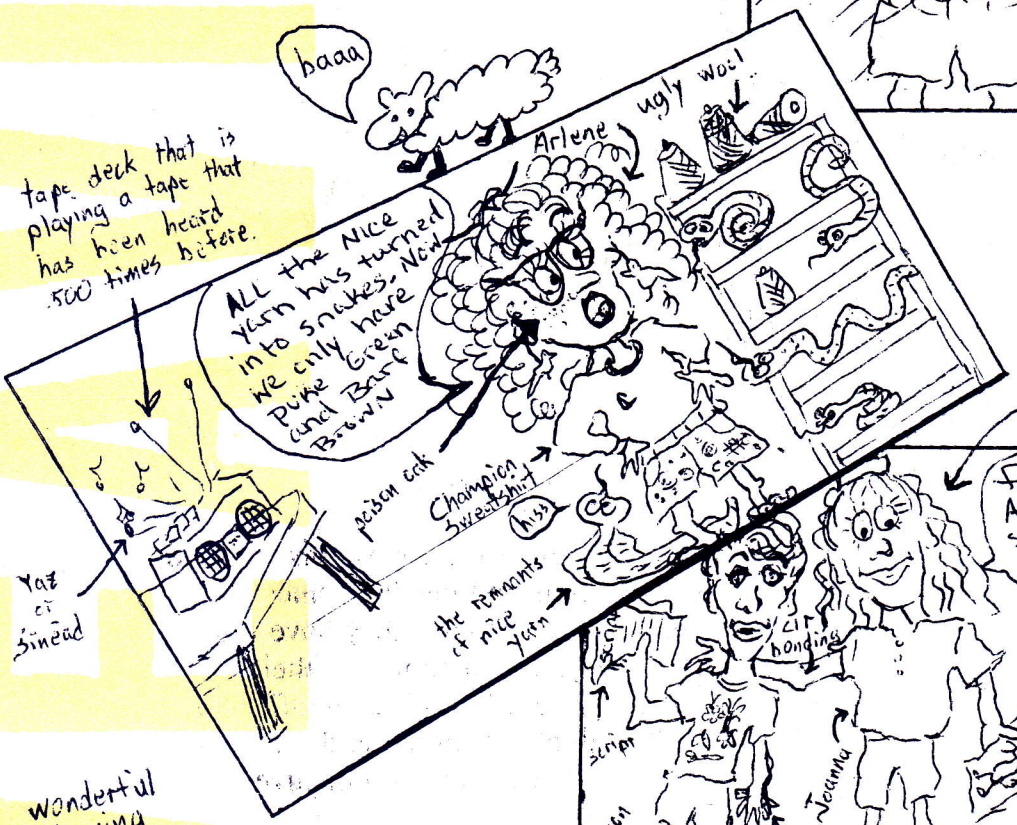
by Erika (EGG) Grumet

Sewing

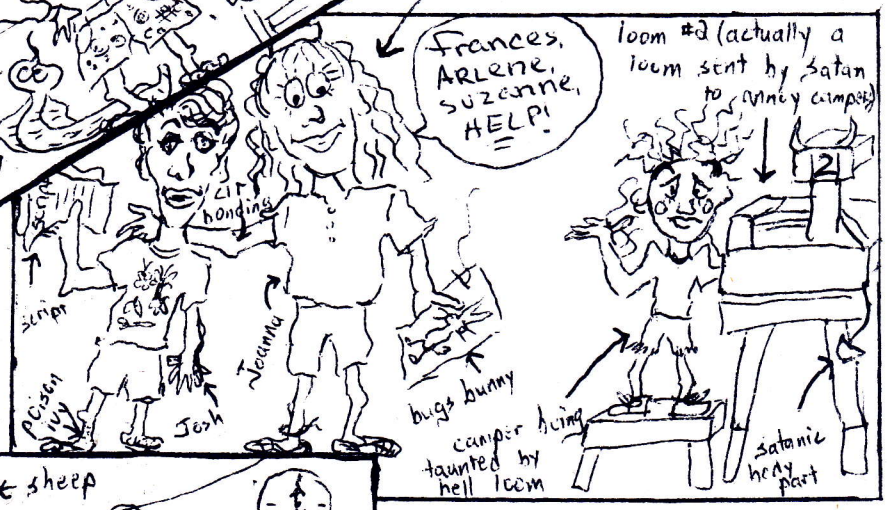
A Surreal day at the Weaving Shop







Weaving CITs (never actually seen together at the shop.)



A collaboration by the Weaving Staff of 1990.

Arlene Fernandes
Frances Grannum
Josh Seelig
Suzanne Ayre
Joanna Mahl

WOOD SHOP

Many of the new things I've learned this summer have come from my experiences at the Wood Shop. Looking in the Wood Shop, all one sees is a bunch of power tools all running at once, making a really big racket. In reality, it's much more. Vases, birdhouses and chess boards were produced this summer at the Wood Shop. If there's one thing I've learned from the projects I've done, it's that patience is a virtue. In any project, campers have to sand until their arms fall off or someone tells them that they are doing it incorrectly. In the Wood Shop though, counselors never make you feel like you're in the way. They are helpful and seem to really enjoy not only assisting you, but also having you as company. If you don't quit and have patience, in the end you will always come out with a beautifully finished project from the Buck's Rock Wood Shop.

Julie Harris

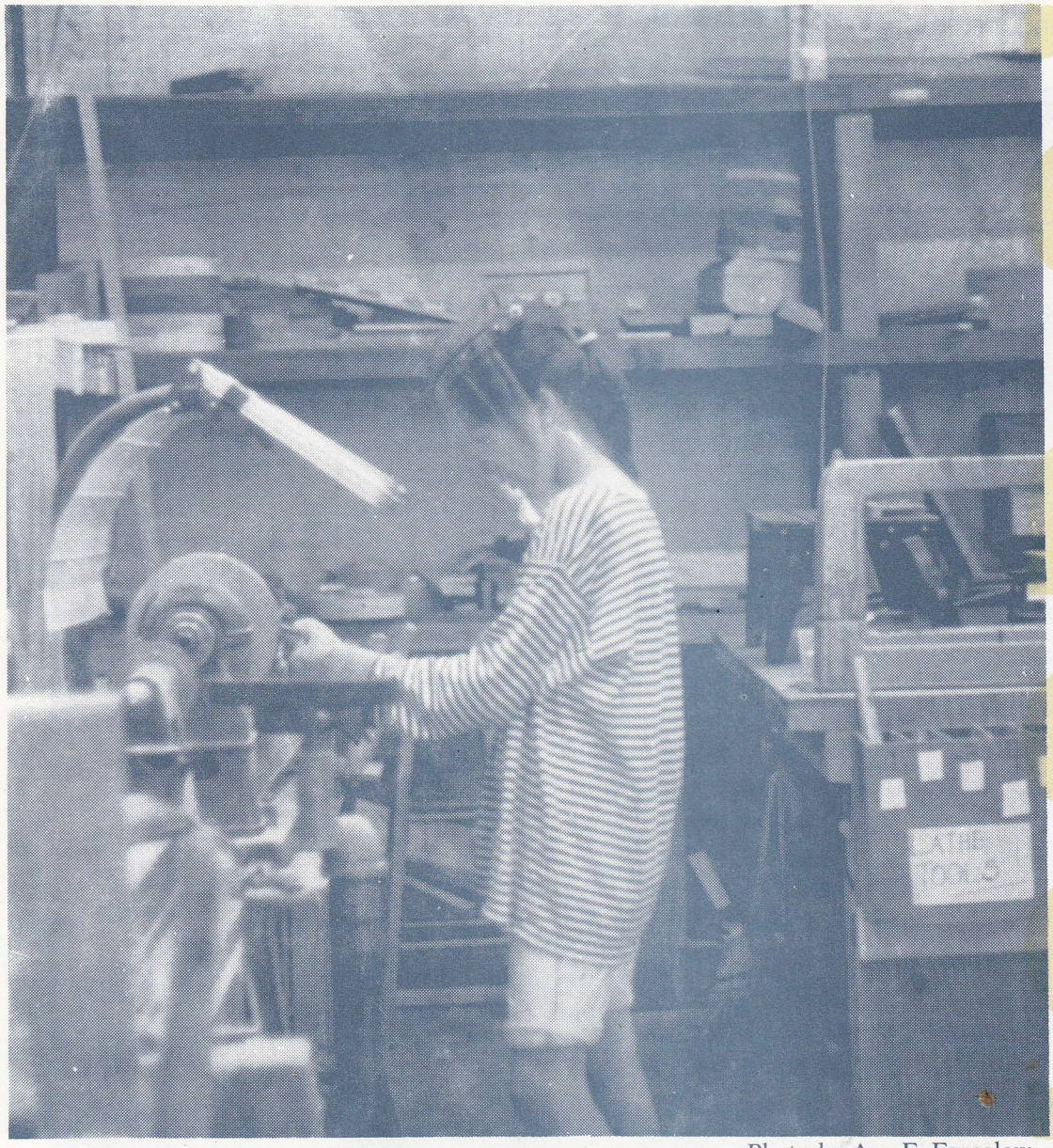


Photo by Aya F. Fanselow

Wood

To Fleen or not to Fleen? That question is on the minds of many campers this summer. "Fleen just isn't the same," a camper said. "It used to be one of my favorites, but I only went once this whole summer. I think everyone got scared off after... The Accident."

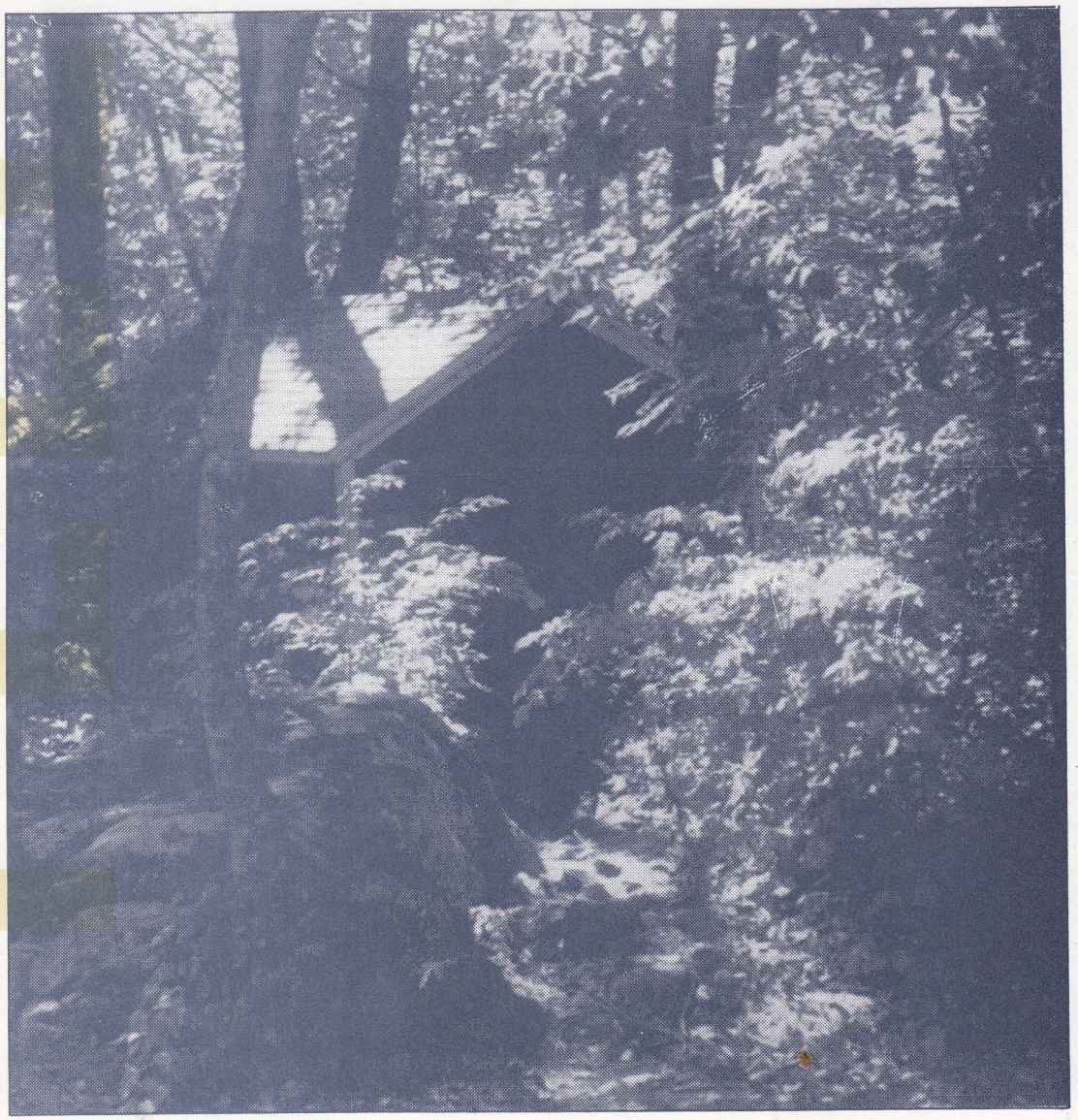
The Accident happened in early July, when sixty skyhooks went out of control and put counselor, Stu Davis, in the hospital, and paralyzed the only on-camp iguana.

For those of you who don't know, the Fleen Shop is a skyscraper behind the Animal Farm. The shop makes a variety of solid sound waves and polka-dotted skyhooks.

As for the accident, most of the campers I talked to said, "Fleen Shop is still swell. People must stick to their art no matter what the danger."

A camper from Boys' Cabins said of Fleening, "It smells pretty bad up there, and it takes a long time to do. But, it's pretty neat."

David Iserson

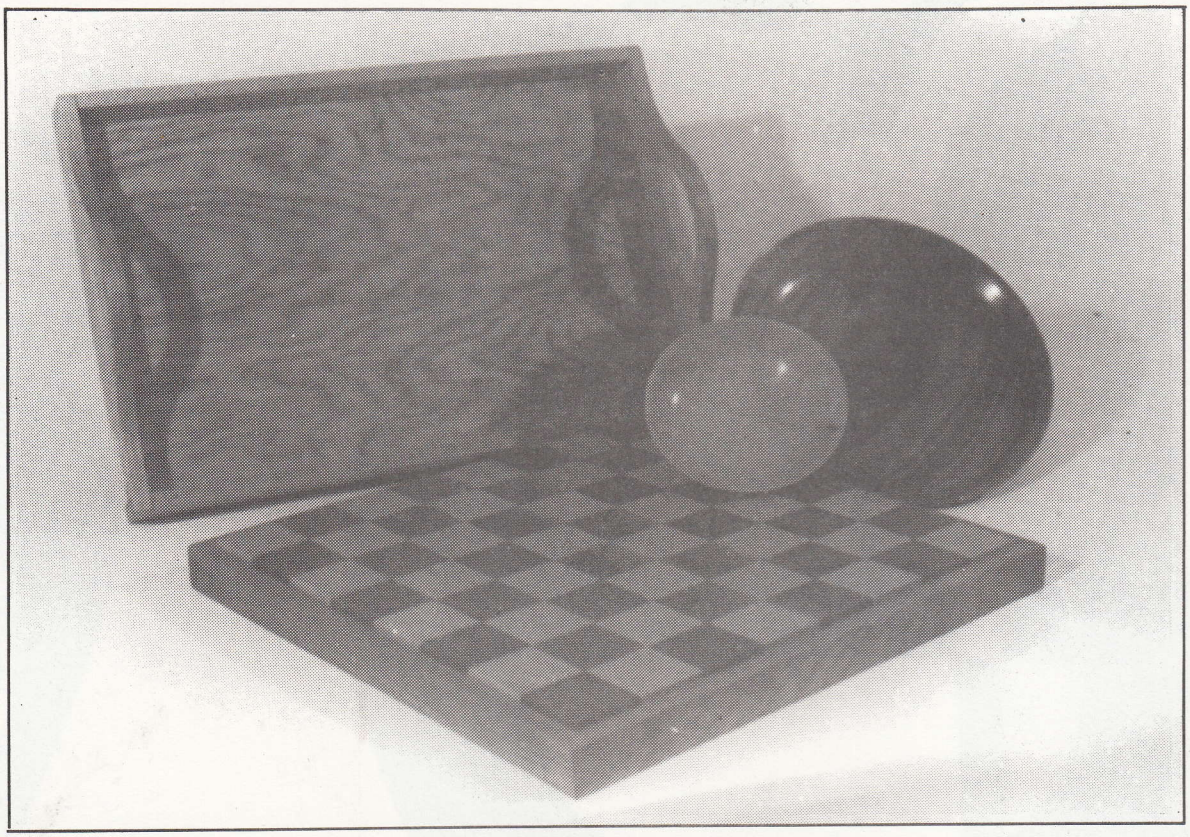


Fleen

HUCASE

CAMPER

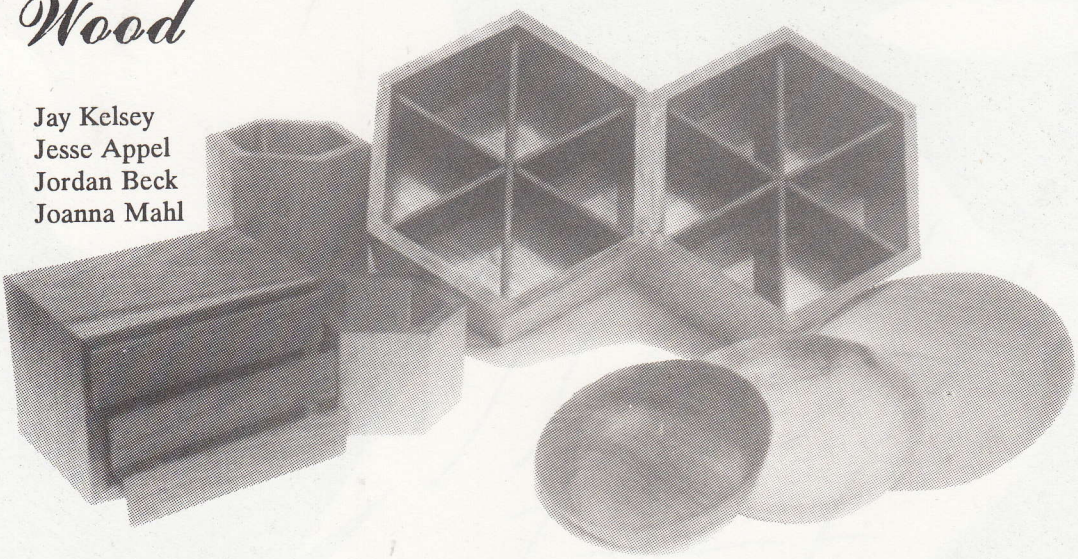
CAMPER SCULPTURE

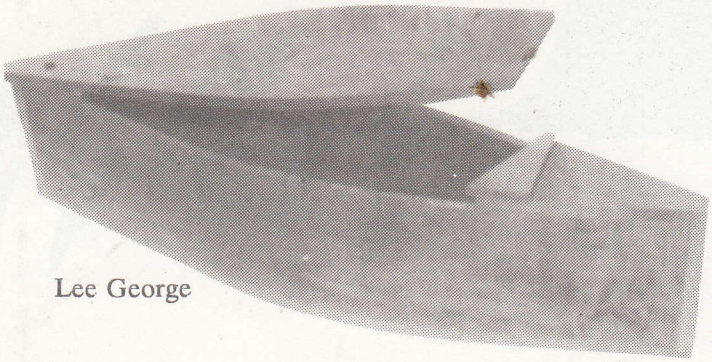


Tray: David Goldman
2 Bowls: Dan Sapoznick
Chess Board: Rebecca Landis

Wood

Jay Kelsey
Jesse Appel
Jordan Beck
Joanna Mahl

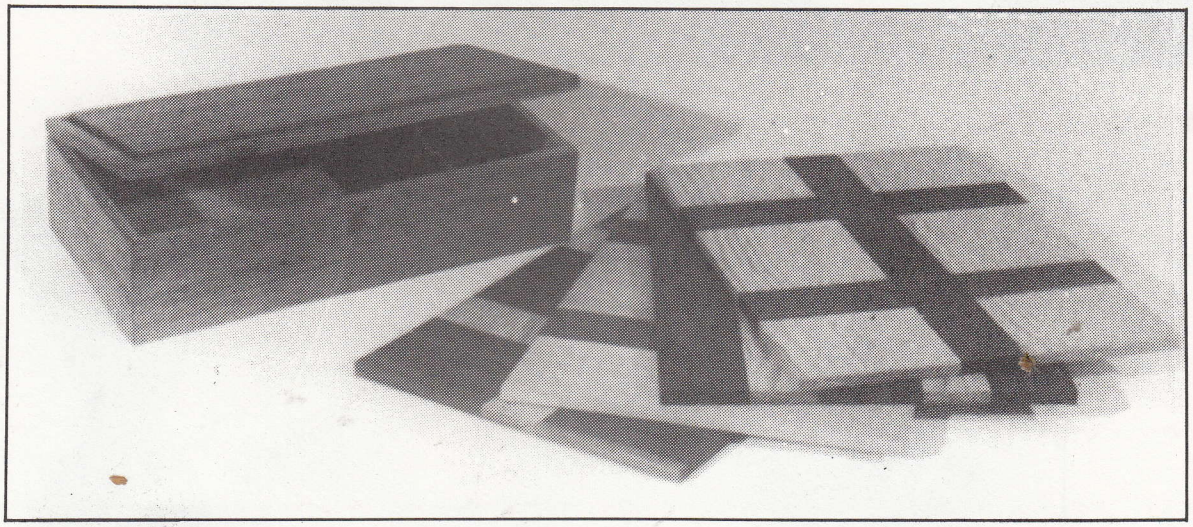




Lee George

Wood

Marguerite Dunbar

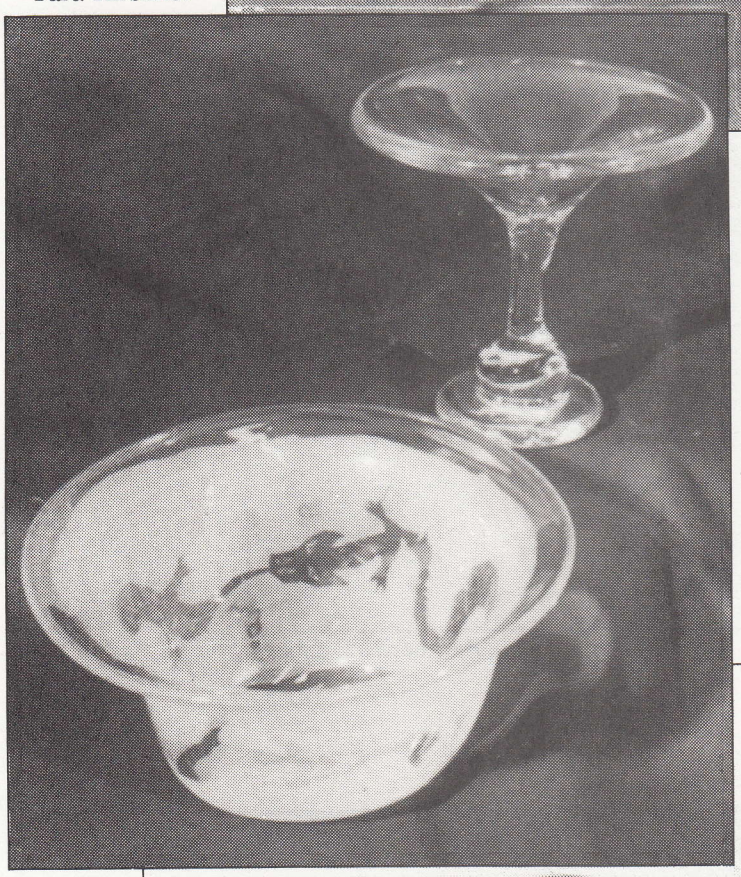


Box: Rosline Thayaparan
Mats: Vanessa Grajwer

CAMPER

CRAFT

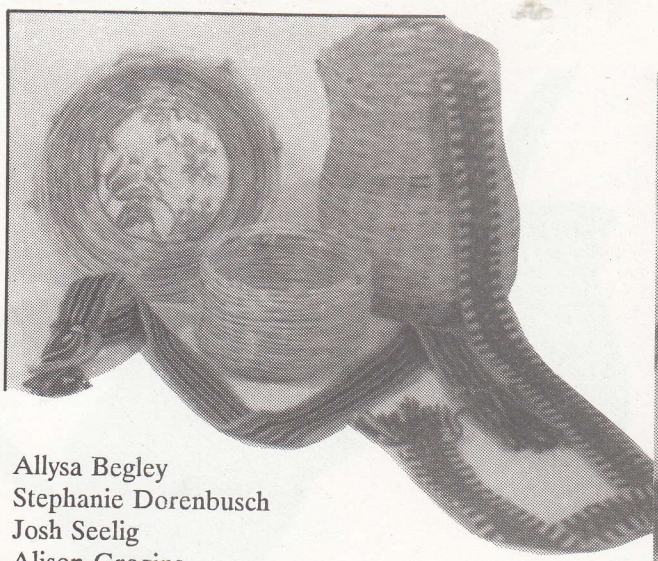
Ona Magdro
Dan Walfish
Rachel Lutwick
Tara Kirshner



Alex Korahais
David Schaeffer

Glassblowing

Lee Kind
Jeff Samuels
Josh Kizner
Ari Bassin
Jason Werthiemer



Allysa Begley
Stephanie Dorenbusch
Josh Seelig
Alison Grogins
Adrienne Cook

Michelle Flaherty
Lisa Izabinowitz
Josh Seelig

Weaving

Jo Mareth
Margarite Dunbar

Sean Elwood
Margo Ceresney

CASE

CAMPER

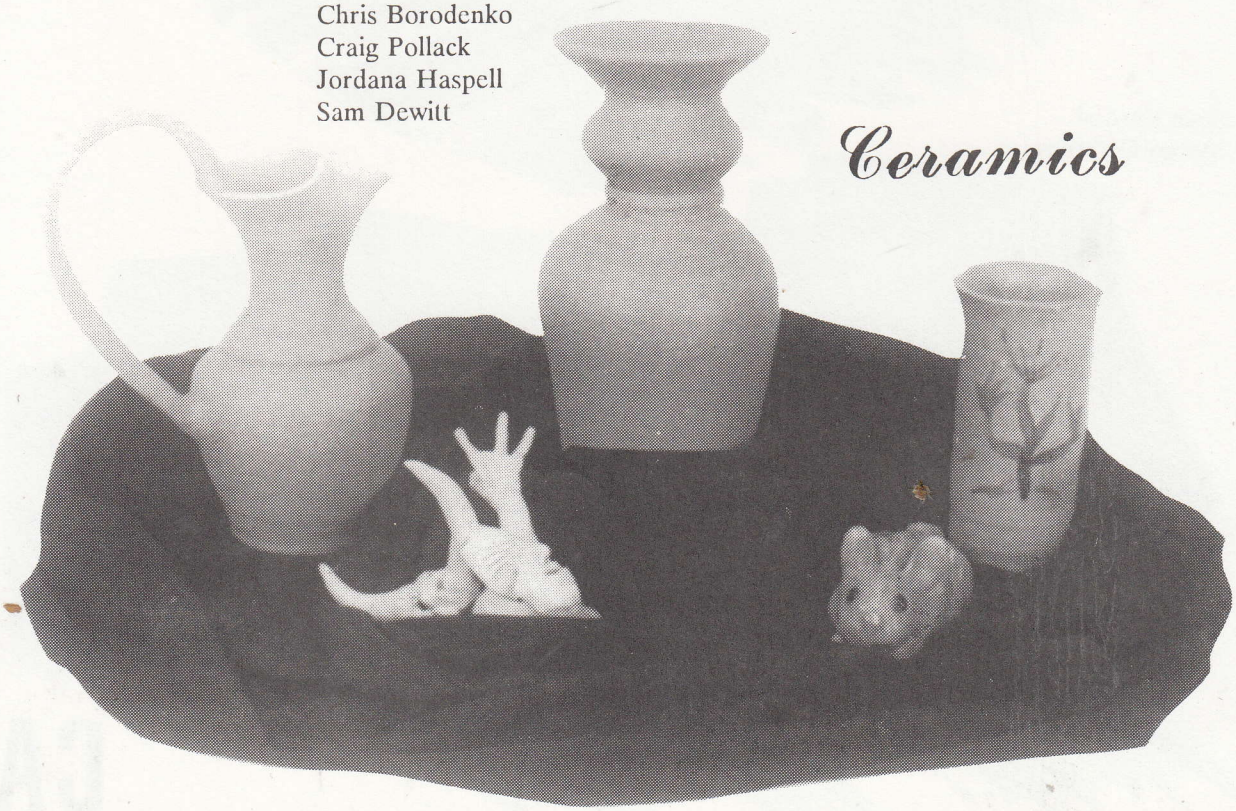
CAMPER CRUCIBLE

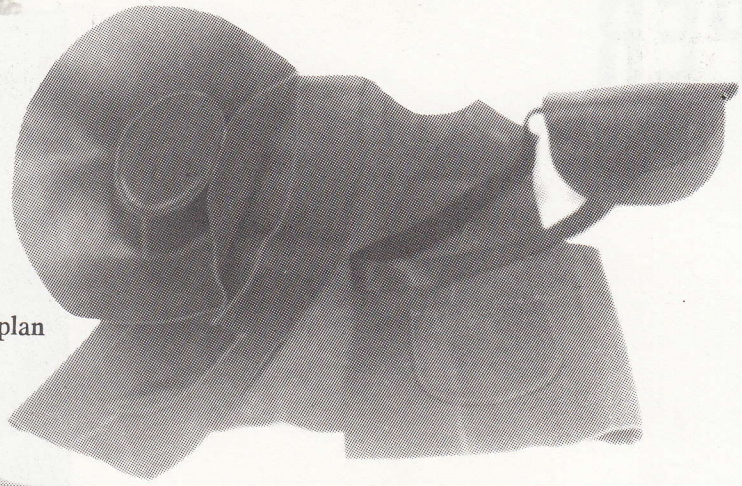
Dina Gould
Matt Stromberg
Ben Ogden
Sally Neff

Susan Lutin
Jeniza Diamond
Jeff Perlman
Jami Hirsch
Vanessa Grajwer

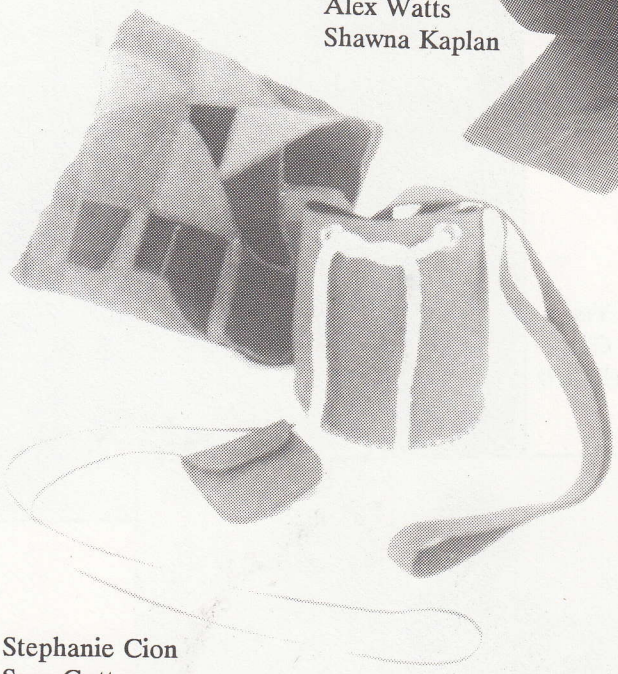
Ariel Castillo
Chris Borodenko
Craig Pollack
Jordana Haspell
Sam Dewitt

Ceramics





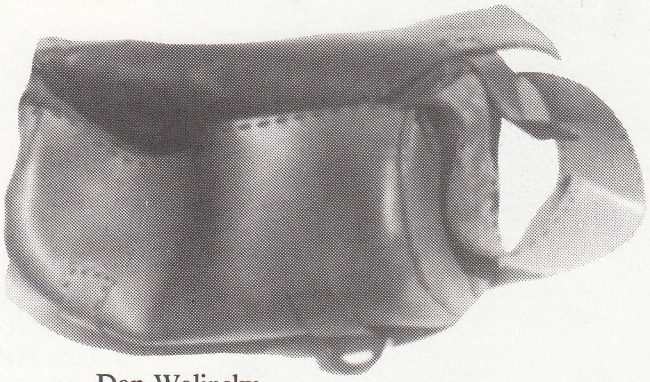
Alex Watts
Shawna Kaplan



Stephanie Cion
Sara Gottesman
Cathie Martino

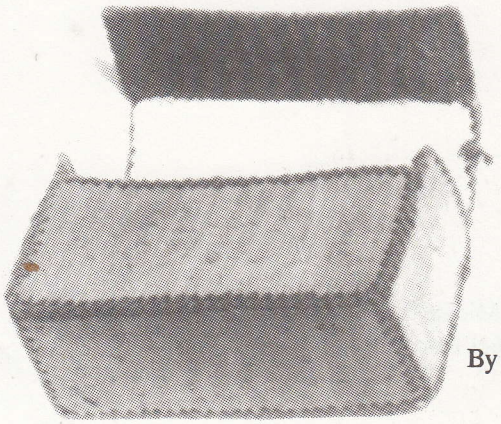
Leather

Holly Braid
Doshini Thayaparana
Stephanie Cion



Dan Walinsky

Dan Walinsky



By A Garelick Girl

CASE

CAMPER

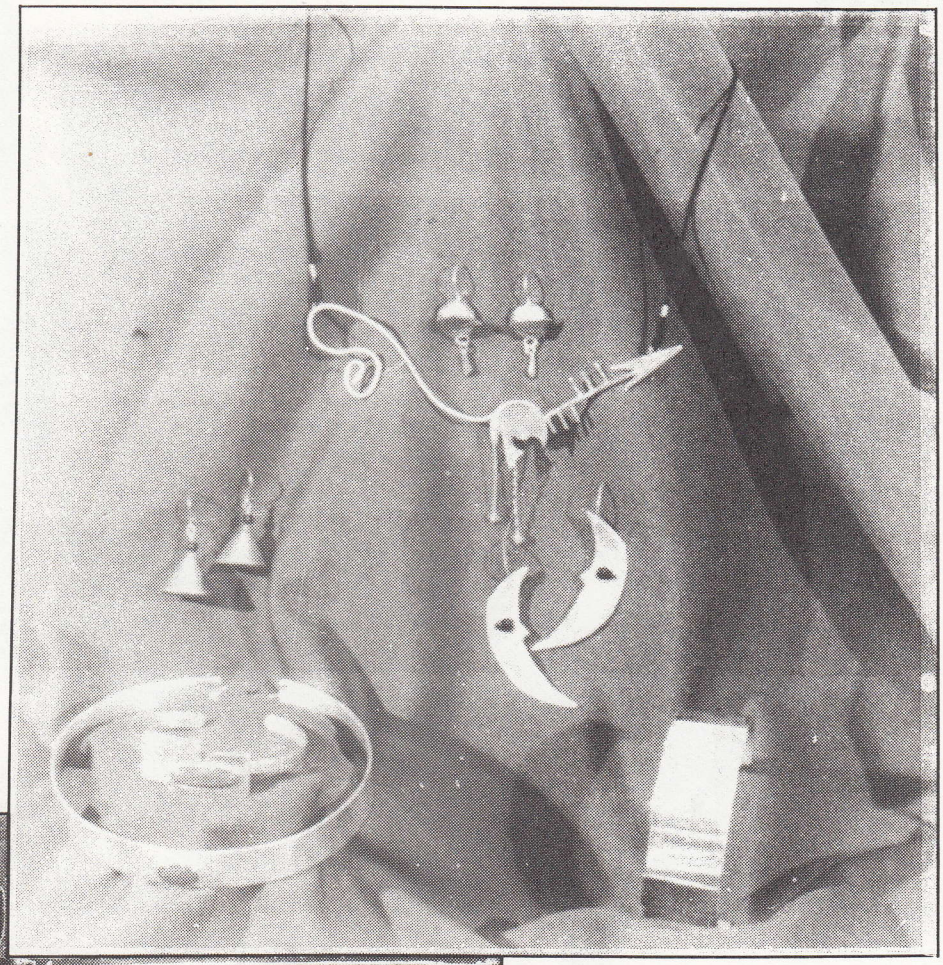
Sewing

Joelle Yudin
Gwen Garber
Bec Schwartz

Dona Tunic
Liz Fischer
Marshall Hayman
Abby Janoff
Michelle Flaherty
Jenny Berson
Emily Reyna
Michelle Vineberg

Jen Michel
Rachel Mazzarella

Jewelry/Metalsmithing



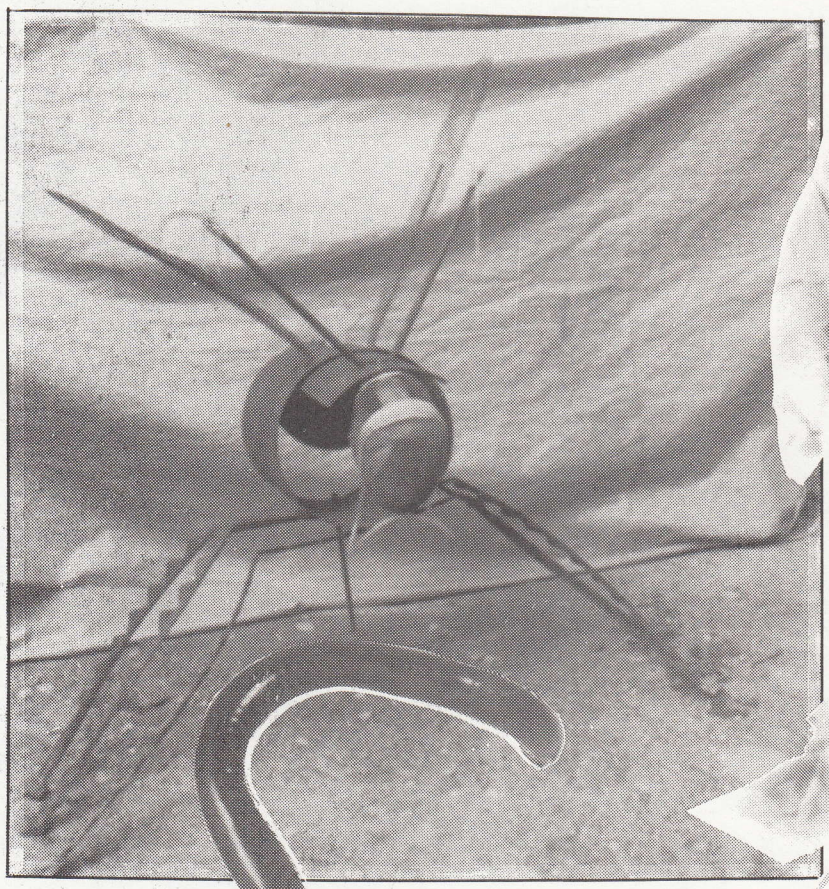
Zachary Lehrhoff
Catherine Meng
Daniel Sapoznick
Mathew Fantaci
Liz Canter
Gillian Pachter
Jordon Solomon

Ali Grogans
Daniel Walfish
Erin Heilman
Rachel Scharff
Hillary Frank
Julia Ragen
Rob Brous
David Rothauser

UCSC CAMPER

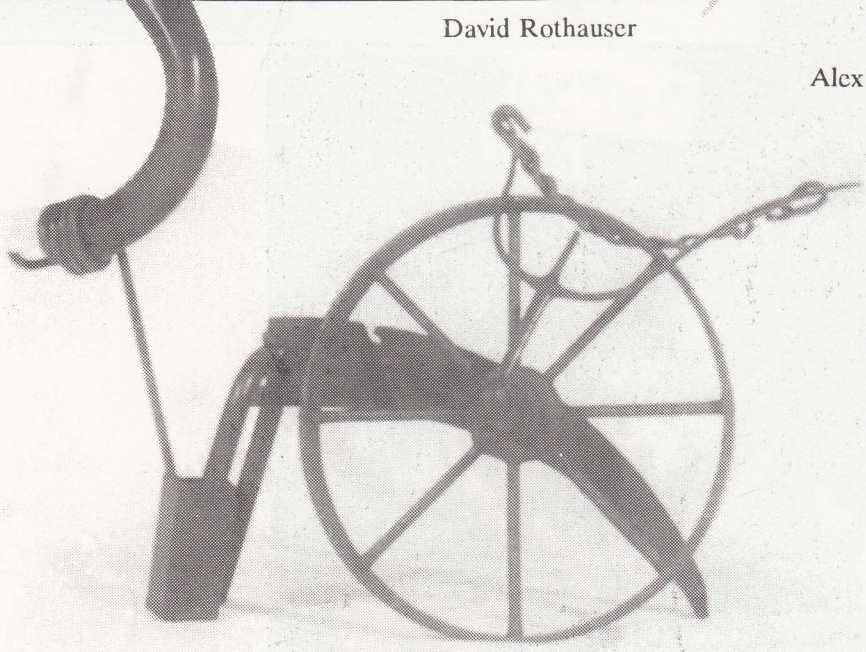
CAMPER SCULPTURE

Sculpture



David Rothauser

Ruben Brown



Alex Furst

Andy Dickens

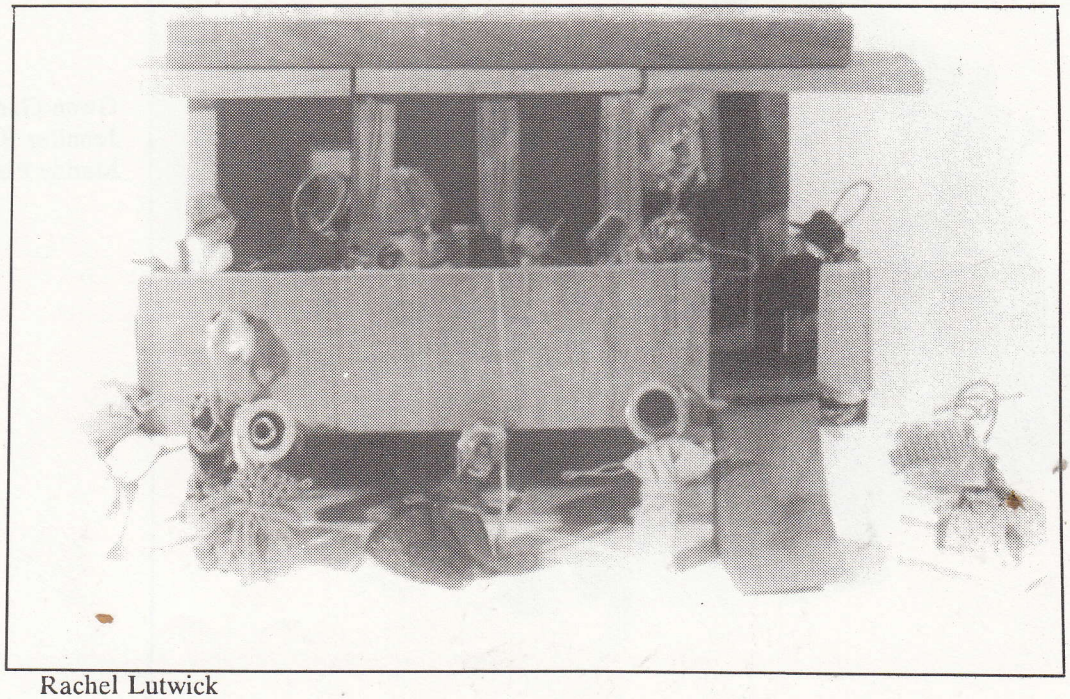
Karen Rothauser

Stephan Turman

Heather Andes

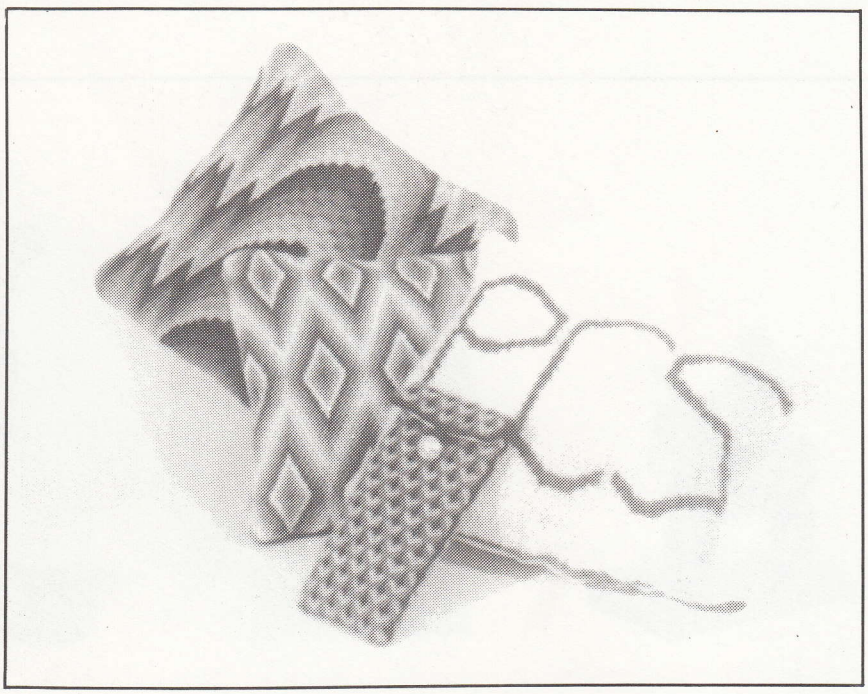
Sculpture

Matt Stromberg Aaron Jarson Eva Zaslof

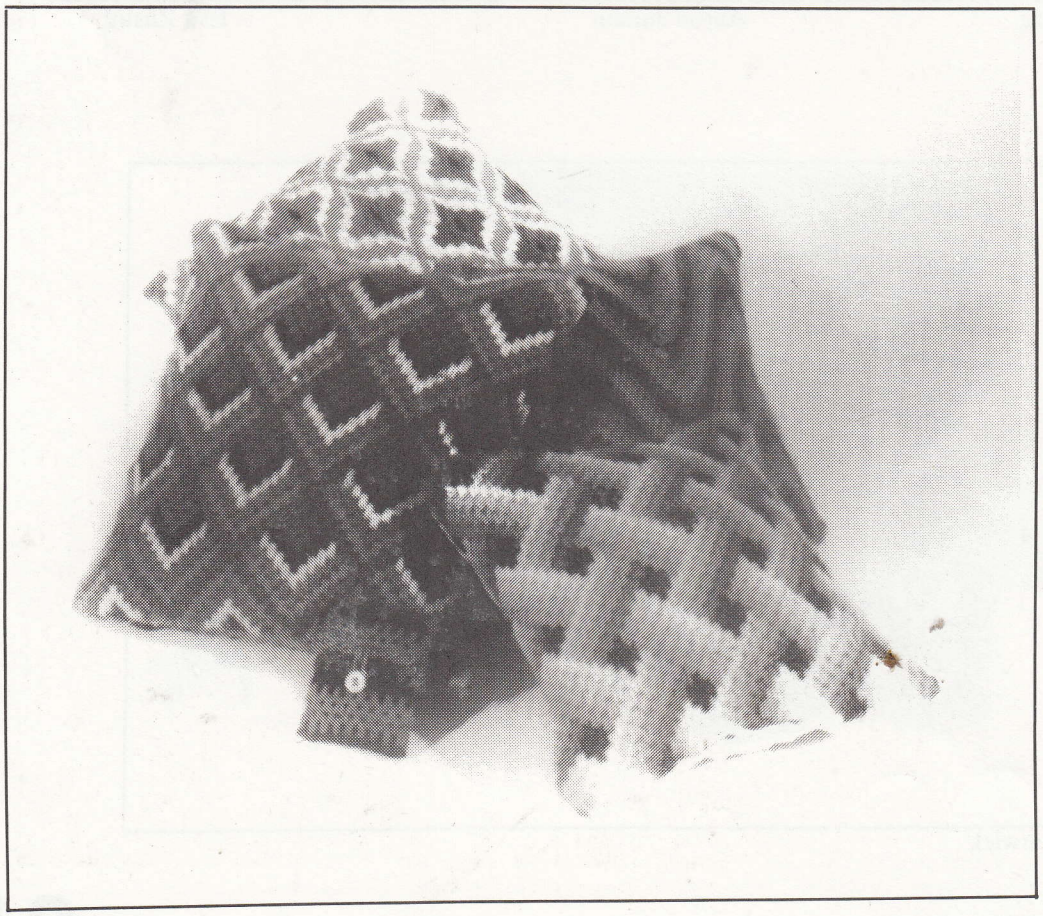


Rachel Lutwick

Stephanie Cion
Jamie Winkle
Genevieve Schaab



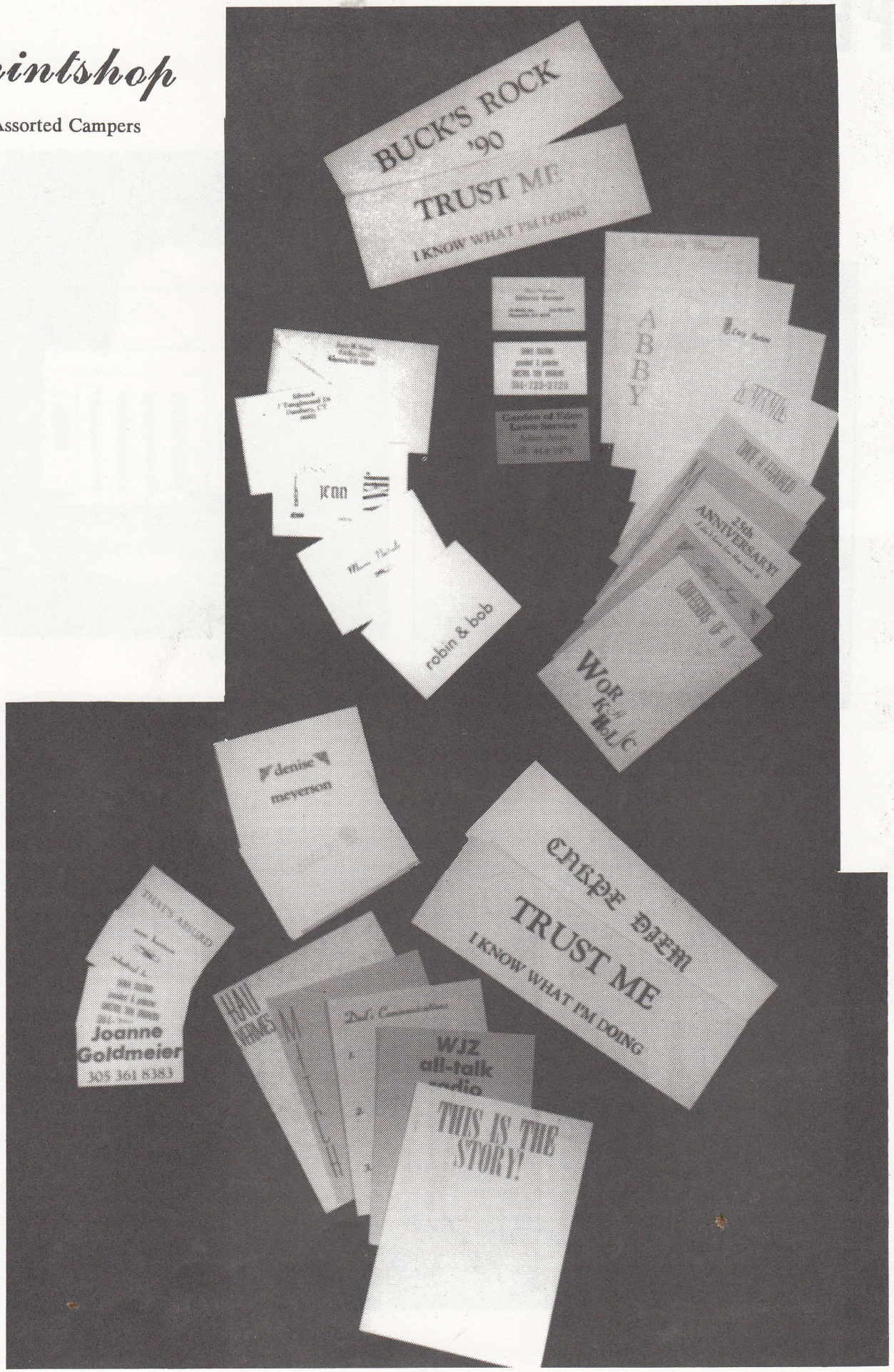
Bargello



Gwen Garber
Jennifer Berson
Maddy Polsky

Printshop

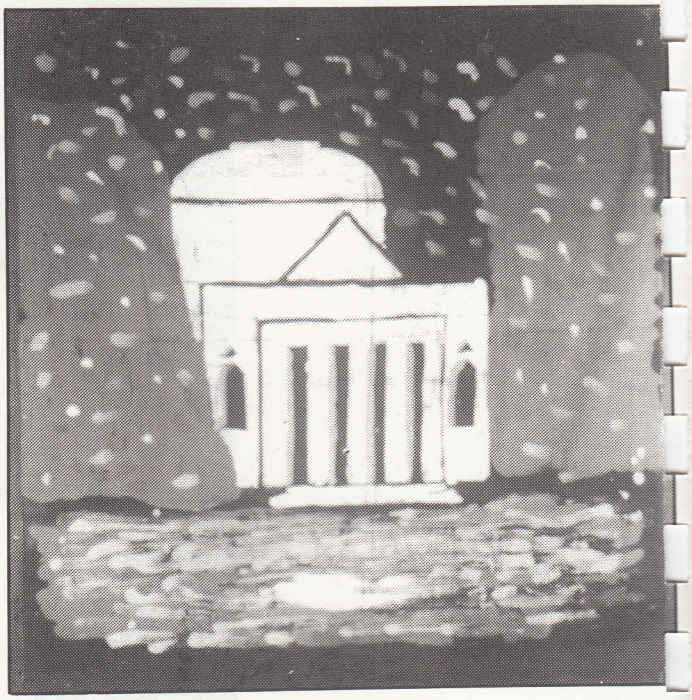
By Assorted Campers



HUSCAS

CAMPER

Mike Walfish

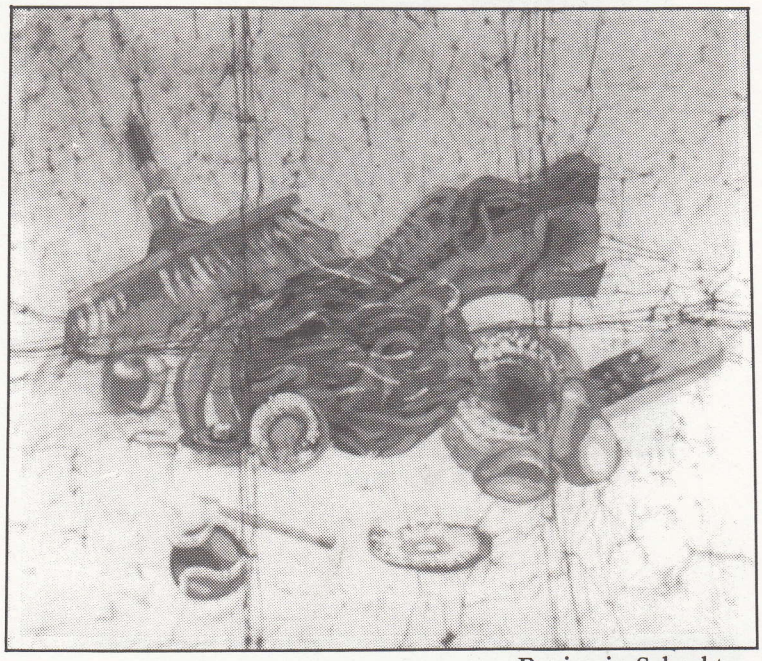


Blake Goldmerstein

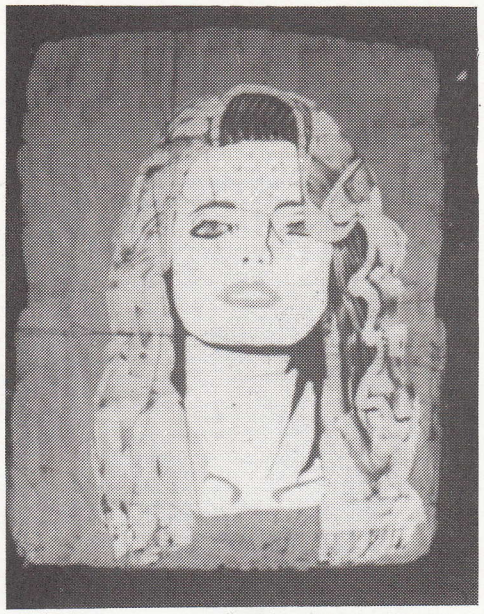
Stacey Topel

Batik

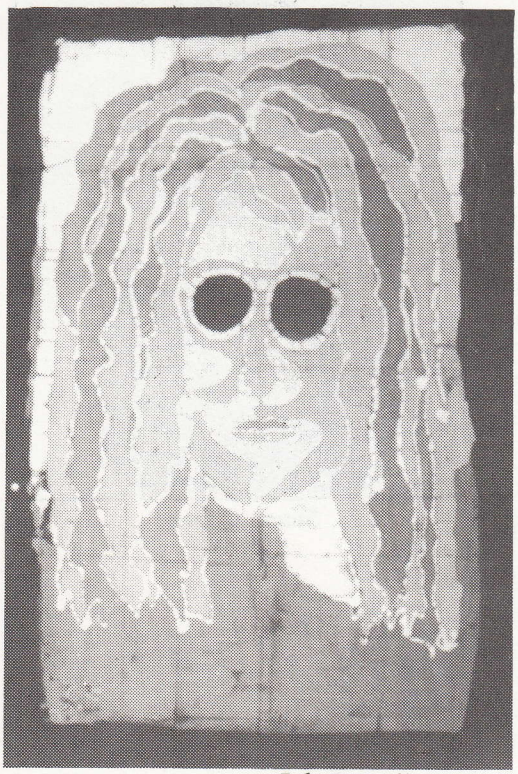
Batik



Benjamin Schachter



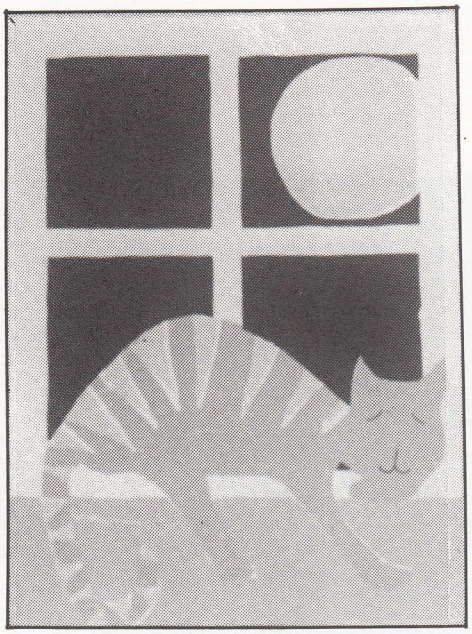
Alanna Yudin



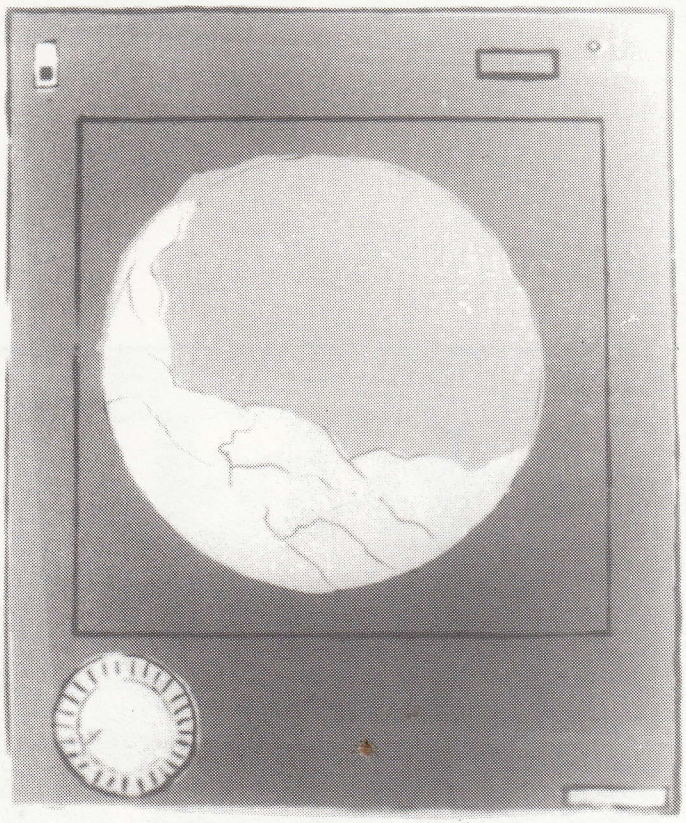
Johanna Silverman

Vanessa Grajwer

Shann Cohen



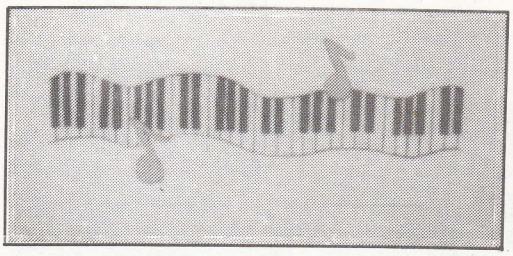
Alyce Waxman

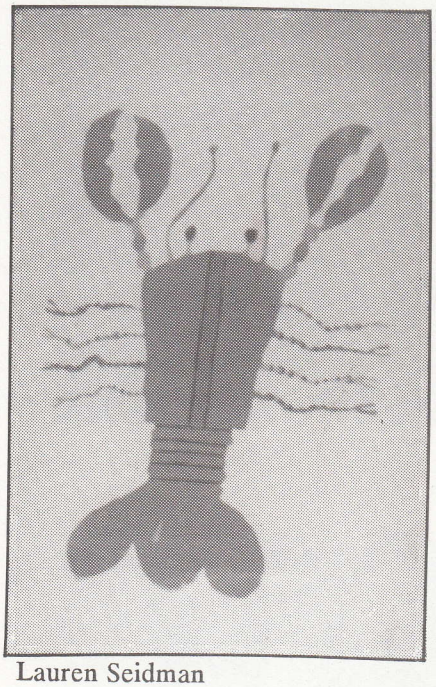


Emily Salzfast

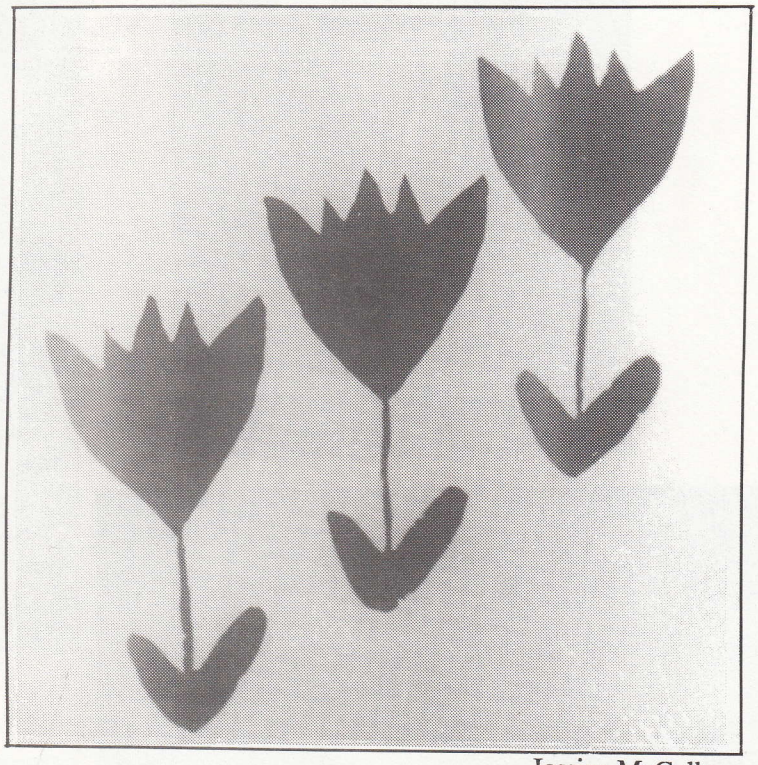
Silkscreen

Silkscreen

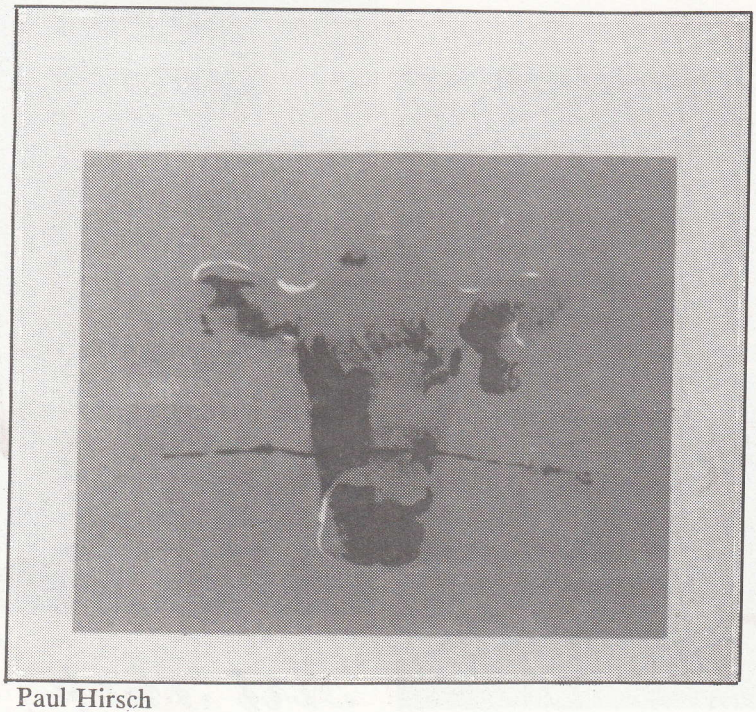




Lauren Seidman



Jessica McCully



Paul Hirsch

CAMPER

CAMPER SCUM

Mike Prywes

Michael Ajerman

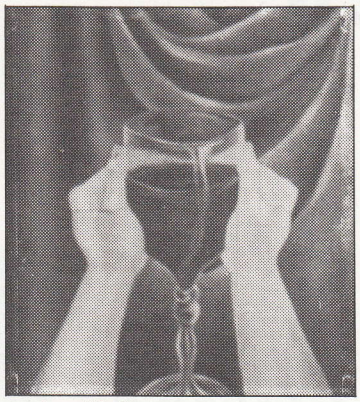
Alex Koenigstein

Gabrielle Nidus

Daniel Lefcourt

Art Shop

Michael Gurman

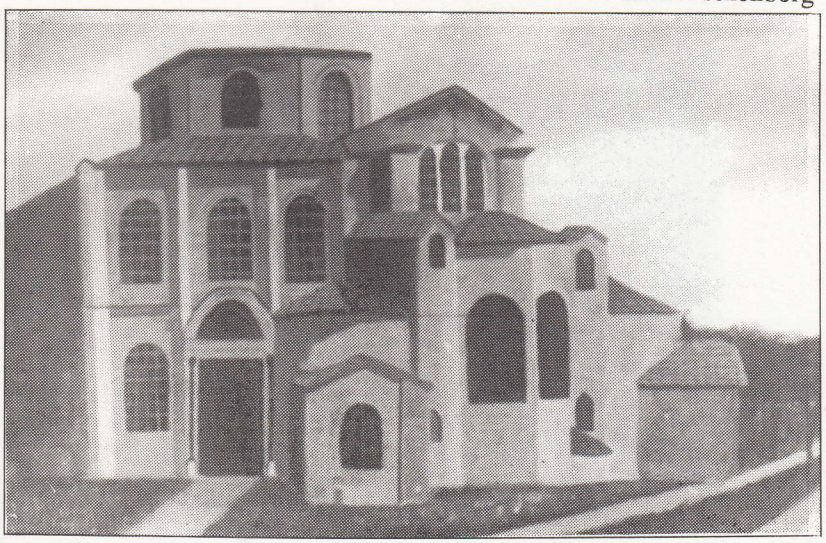


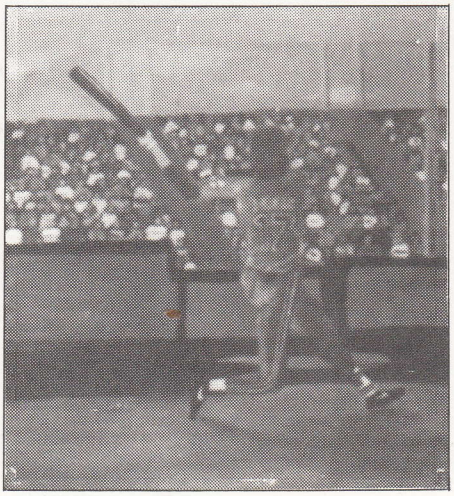
Erinn Heilman

Art Shop

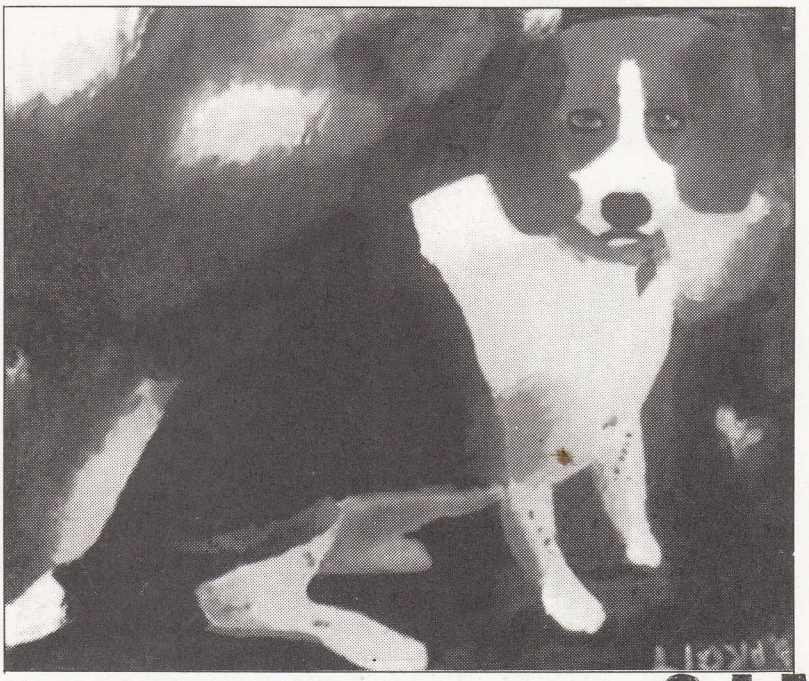
Jason Rothenberg

Simone Richmond





Jason Rothenberg



Lloyd Balch

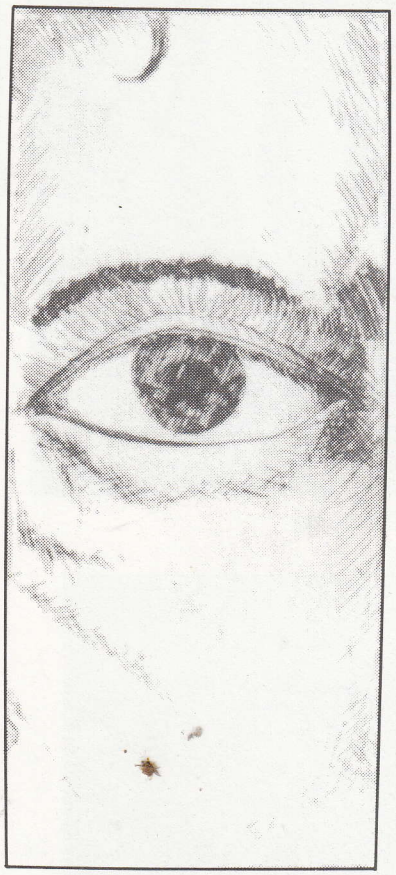
CAMPER

CAMPER ARTWORK

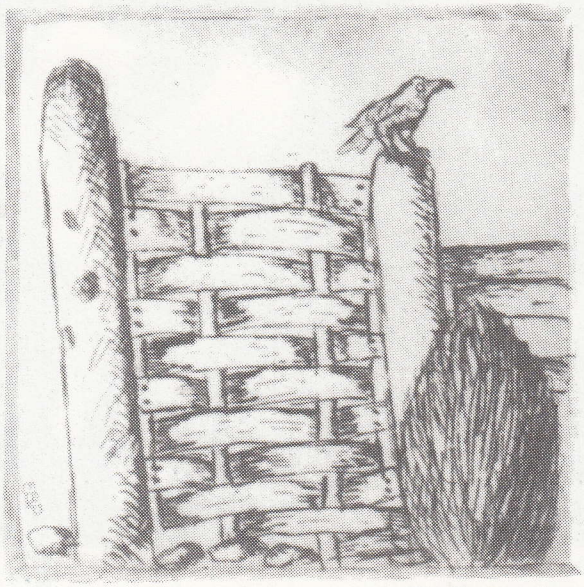
Etching

Matt Dicke

Allegra Boverman



Sam Anthony



Emily Pronin

Mike Rubin -- CIT 1984 Drew Simon -- Staff kid 1975 Niko Triantaillou -- Camper 1984

From Left to Right: Josh Draper -- Staff kid 1975

David Danzig -- Camper 1982

Marty Propper -- Counselor 1958

ROCKERS HERE TO STAY

Mark Richter -- Camper 1977 Ez-man -- Camper 1983 Paige Chabora -- Camper 1984 Amy Budd -- CIT 1988

Fred Yockers -- Counselor 1966

Erika Blumberg -- Camper 1983 A.J. Segal -- Camper 1986

Marc Forbey -- Camper 1983 Erica Babad -- Camper 1968

And now for a thirty second free write on "What Is Pub?":

Lit mag, fatigue, collation, broken deadlines, yearbook, plates, computers, binding, writing, washing machines, typing, ink, late nights, silence, workshops, paper jams, music, chaos, noise, newspaper, Elvis, X-acto knives, shrink wrap, leaky roofs (over computers), Candlewood, Drood, paper, paper cutters.

Photo by Esther Ting

This summer, Pub was all of these things.

Among the first obstacles we confronted were a completely new computer system and a new printer. Unfortunately, in the beginning, not many of us knew how to use them, but with some help, we did learn. (Really, we did.)

We had many visitors during the summer. One Saturday morning, Erica Jong came to talk with us. Marvin Terban spoke about getting published, and Suzanne Messing told us of the alternative press.

A Pub/Music volleyball game was talked about, but alas, it was not to be (again).

Despite all the problems we've had, such as a temperamental platemaker, a shortage of layout supplies, and a PMT machine with a taste for paper, we did manage to come out with two lit mags, two newspapers, a comic book, the directory, and... (fanfare please) YEARBOOK!

Bob: Bob is the patriarch of our shop. Ya got ya shop heads, and ya got ya shop heads, but this is a shop head. His calming presence and dedication to perfection and instruction are examples to us all. Even though Matt is a camper now, and Stevie's on his way, Bob will always be surrounded by little children.

Jonas: Jonas is the moral support for the entire shop. Whenever things get stressful, Jonas is there with an easygoing smile. Early in the summer, though, he was possessed by the long dead spirit of Elvis. The sideburns and pompadour grew, and suddenly his clothing turned into a white jumpsuit. He looked at us, raised an eyebrow, and said, "Hey Baby!" We all fainted.

Ian: Yes, Ian "Crazy Legs" Jackson does still have "come-to-bed" eyes. He works the most insane hours of anybody in the shop. He's just too cool for words... so we won't use any more on him. Cheerio, O Revered-World-Traveller-Type-Person.

Stu: Stu, the newest addition to the Pub staff, is one of our JC's. We're not sure if he has any hair, because he never takes off his hat. We have never seen him behave like a "sweaty-toothed madman," but maybe he'll surprise us one of these days. Then again, maybe not.

Lynda: Lynda is the woman with the bow and the daughters. A Buck's Rock returnee ("round and round and round in the Circle Game...") after a twelve year hiatus, Lynda hates collation and computers. (Well, who can blame her?) She likes backrubs. (Well, who can blame her?)

Sandro: We all like Sandro because he makes very amusing pictures for our ubiquitous posters, advertising workshops, guest speakers, shop trips, Armageddon, and the like. We also like his fork-earring (and matching bracelet), as well as his complete incompetence with the computers.

Pub

Laura: Laura is like Julia, but different. She was the driving soul of The Rock. You wouldn't think that journalism and science fiction make a good match, but somehow they do. Because she's the tallest writing counselor, she's the one who learned how to shrink (wrap, that is).

Kimberly: Kimberly is the bright sprite that inhabited our shop this summer. She has been our constant supply of M&M's along with other goodies. She and Sandro have also entertained us with their rendition of "The Mexican Staple Remover Dance". Plus she's just "sooooo preetty."

Elizabeth: Elizabeth, ahh, selflessly plied ailing CIT's (okay, just Sara) with Vitamin C from her own personal collection, and later, for reasons unprintable, came to regret it. (Okay, she caught a bad code.) She is an enigma. Don't call her "Liz". She hates it. (Okay, she'll respond to it anyway.) She is a Goddess Extraordinaire, and she doesn't like Serena's hard massages.

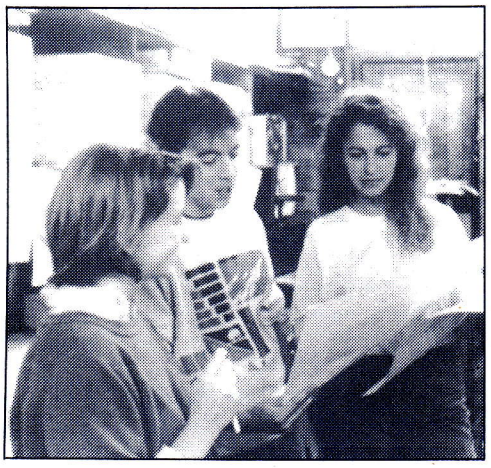


Photo by Esther Ting

Susi: Susi is the redhead who puts white-out on photos, mixes ink for the yearbook and lit mags, and loves a good massage (actually, just about everyone in the shop agrees with her as far as that's concerned). Although she often apologizes for being in a grumpy mood, she is actually one of the most supportive people around.

Andy: Although Andy is hardworking, mild-mannered and polite, at severe moments of chaos he turns into a "sweaty-toothed madman." This is a good time to refrain from arming him with an X-acto knife or, for that matter, any other implement of destruction.

Jennifer: Jenn's love of singing and dancing (especially to soul) has given a spark of life to our otherwise dreary (har, har) shop. Her strange imitations of well-known and not so well-known people have kept us laughing. Among these impersonations are Ethel Merman and a bizarre man named Guido, whose most memorable line is "I'd like to take you home, wrap you up, and put you under my Christmas tree, baby."

Mike: Mike was the first one of our CIT's to die, slain by the treacherous hand of his very own bunkmate, Matt Peterson. (Thanks, Matt.) He abandoned us to go and silkscreen shop T-shirts. If today, when you are reading this, is the day we gave out yearbooks, then yesterday was his birthday. Happy birthday, M. D. Hammer! (Aw, he's Sweet Sixteen.)

Jason: Jason, world-renowned for his caricatures, likes Rush. The Pub Shop does not like Rush. We like Jason, anyway. He was the second to die.

Dan: Dan is Chewbacca. Dan wears a sneaker around his neck, but we don't believe it was ever really his. Dan knows rap music. Dan dances. In other words, Dan Dans. Dan was the third of our CIT's to be unceremoniously dispatched.

Sara: Sara was the last of our CIT's to die. We applaud her. (Here is where we must add that these killings took place during a camp-wide CIT game of "Murder.") Sara gives Pub '90 a grace and gentility it would not otherwise possess. She is an art-and-layout editor by title, but we all know she is really Queen of England. (We can say whatever we want about her, because she's the other person who abandoned us to go and silkscreen shop T-shirts.)

Adam: Adam "Ego" Markovics wants to have his face blown up. A man of many faces. Writer. Clown. Magician. Lover. Fighter. Eleven. What else can we say?

Josh: Josh "Professor" Berson (sorry, Josh, but we just had to) understood the computers, and tried very hard to share his knowledge of them with us. (He partially succeeded.) Unfortunately, Josh left after the first month of camp. We all miss him. Especially the computers.

Serena: Serena's alter ego, Emanon (see the Literary Arts section), virtually isolated herself, avoiding all human contact.
Not so with Serena, who is our resident goddess of human contact. She is always there to give a hug or -- ouch -- a "relaxing" massage. (Not quite so much contact, please...)

Jeni: Jeni is always there to give good advice. She wins the award for "Most Patient With A Mother And Sister In The Same Camp".

Fernanda: She may be quiet, but, boy, can she bind!

Dan Walinsky: Dan did many silly things for his birthday, on our request. Even though he left us with two weeks of camp to go, his violin case is missed and maybe he is, too.

Gregg: Gregg comes next because he and Dan were inseparable. Gregg is preparing to be the next Bob or Ian, but he played against us in the semi-finals of the Buck's Rock Bowl, so maybe he should stick to Leather. (But he's always welcome here.)

Erika: Another loyalist who abandoned us with two weeks to go. Would anyone be able to recognize her without her crutches? The mystery continues.

Ali: Ali enriched our lives (and the Pub floating library) by infiltrating our shop with The Babysitter Club books.

Lisa: She may just have learned to run the presses, but... well, she can do it better than I can! Finish your stories, Lisa.

Rachel: Rachel always [CENSORED] lizard-soled shoes.

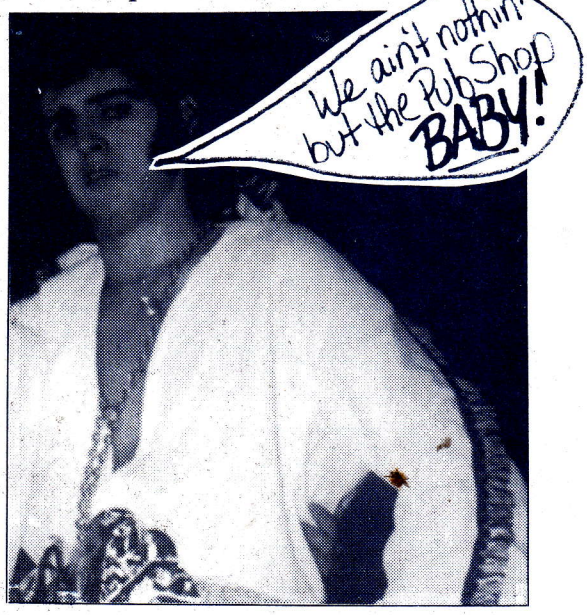
Hannah: Hannah always [CENSORED] and cupcakes, too.

Amy: Does the braid make the woman, or does the woman make the braid? We're not sure, but Amy makes good stuff for layout.

Signing off, Pub '90. Don't forget, submit Camp Life articles!

♥,

Serena Silver
Mike Hammer
Sara Kramer



P.S.
The M&M Color Code:

Yellow: Chest hair and/or cleavage
Orange: More brain cells
Green: Sex appeal
Tan: Tanning
Red: Cancer
Brown: More M&M's

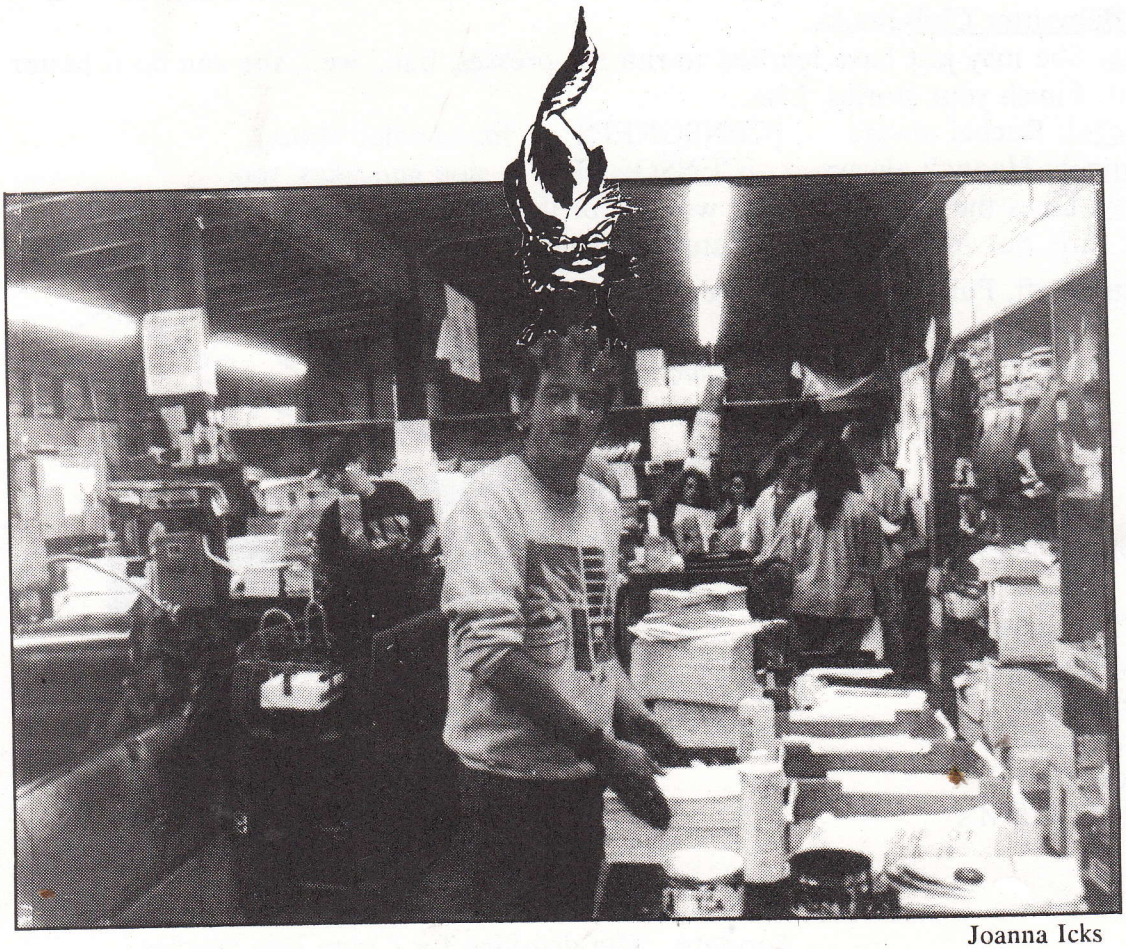
P.P.S.
Too late. The deadline for Camp Life articles has passed. You missed your golden opportunity. Shucksy darn.

The Publications Shop

The Publications Shop is a warm and friendly place with many interesting people who combine to form a working team. Campers share their unique talents and, in the process, learn to improve their skills. At Pub, there are many different and important jobs to do. The Writing Department uses the computers to write stories that are accompanied by a plated photograph, etching, or drawing in the Literary Magazines and Yearbook. One of the many things done in the Art and Layout Department is preparing materials for plating. Then, the plate is sent to the printing press in the Production Department where it gets printed into final form.

Everyone in Pub usually entertains everyone else with funny songs, stories, jokes, and laughter. Usually the "pubbies" have music playing all day long, too. The people at Publications are very friendly and understanding. It's a great place to be and I always end up going there. One of the things I enjoyed doing most this summer was writing, since it allowed me to open up to people in a different way. I also enjoyed working in the production area and learning how to work with the machines while watching them produce thousands of copies at one time. Layout was also interesting because I learned how the stories were arranged before being plated. In my opinion, Publications is a great place to be because you never get tired and there's always something to be done.

Fernanda Leventhal



Joanna Icks

THE GIRL IN THE GLASS

What is she asking of me?
I lean closer.
Maybe she will whisper in my ear...
She leans forward,
expecting me to do the same.

She smiles
not a plain, ordinary smile...
No... there is something hidden there.
If only I knew what.

I search her eyes for a hint,
a clue,
but they tell me nothing.

I look away and shut my eyes,
blocking her out.
I hope that maybe she will vanish
and be replaced by another person,
with a different outlook on life.

I open my eyes.
She is still there.
I want to cry out to her,
mold her,
fix her,
make her better...
but in order to change her
I must strive for a new beginning
within myself.

Lauren Myers

Illustration by Allegra Boverman

THE PEOPLE I LEFT BEHIND

I can't remember exactly when my parents told me that I was adopted. As a child of five or six, I was too young to understand. But now, a few years later, I fully comprehend, and at times it causes me some pain.

Throughout the years I've felt sad that there's a possibility I may never find my birth parents. This gives me a feeling of emptiness and I feel incomplete. It bothers me that I don't know where I come from, and in a way I'm scared to find out. I'm scared of being hit with the reality that they may be dead. On the other hand, I'm afraid of rejection, if they're alive.

I'm happy with my life and everything that comes along with it. There are no people other than my adoptive parents whom I could call mom and dad, and I couldn't imagine having another sister. But sometimes I wonder what my birth parents look like and if they're alive or dead. Maybe next summer I'll find out when I go visit my country, Indonesia. Will I pass my mother on the street and not even know her? Maybe I'll buy a souvenir at the marketplace from my brother or sister.

I don't want special treatment because I'm adopted. I don't feel special either, but it isn't easy to forget the past. Since it is unclear, the past always leaves me wondering. How did my mother and father feel, and did they ever know me well enough to love me?

Some nights I get angry with myself for not remembering anything. But this is useless because I was just a little baby, and it would be impossible for me to remember my parents' faces, where I was, and the things around me.

Sometimes I dream about my parents because I still believe that though I've never spoken to them, they're always with me.

I thank the Lord for giving me a loving home and memories which are engraved in my heart. Memories of the times my family laughs together, or manages a smile, even when things go wrong, have taught me I never have to walk alone.

No one can ever take these precious things away from me , not even my birth parents if they happen to enter my life. Maybe they are still out there thinking about my occasionally. But we live separate lives and the past is sometimes better left alone.

At times I envy other kids who look like their parents, sharing the same hair or eyes. I'll probably never hear, "Doesn't she take after her father?" Still...I wonder if I do.

I am proud of my heritage and am determined to find my roots. Maybe when I'm older I'll find out who my ancestors are, and what my whole family history is, enabling me to understand more about myself.

My mind is set on the present. Sometimes I think to myself, "Does all this really belong to me?" My home, my clothes, and friends all seem alien at times. I don't take my life for granted. I could have died of malnutrition or a tropical disease. I almost feel as if I owe my parents my life, although I have never thought of saying thanks.

But with each day that goes by, my heart still sheds a tear for the family I may never know, and the people I left behind.

Gysele van Santen

TO THE STARS AND BACK

Once I asked my mother,
"Why is the ocean so big?"
She looked up from her book
and said,
"Because it is,"
and continued reading.

Once I said,
"If we fly high enough
can we touch a star?"
She stifled a laugh
and said,
"It's impossible."

Once I brought a firefly home
in a jar,
creating my own light.
When I woke up,
it was dead.

I cried.
I didn't understand
how I had killed it.
Then my mother smiled
and said it was okay.

I told her
I hadn't meant to kill it.
I just wanted my own star.

She kissed me
on my forehead
and promised me one.

I'm still waiting for that star,
but I know
I can't reach it.
That's alright,
I have already found one,
in my mother's love.

Gysele van Santen

Illustration by Adriane Levit

JOURNEY

There is a cliff
that I am climbing.
I inch my way toward the top.
Slowly.

There are risks
that I must take,
scaling the cliff,
and sometimes I worry I will fall
down into the empty depths of darkness,
never again to see the sun.
Yet, without taking the risks,
how will I ever reach the top?

Along the way,
the end of my journey seems near;
I can see the peak.
I am content.
A satisfaction too much for words,
and then I slip.
The rocks
cut me until I bleed.

I feel I cannot go on,
but I always do,
knowing that one day
I won't slip.
I'll make it to the top.

I will stand there
and look down,
as the goddess of the mountain,
at the distance I have covered,
and laugh.

There is a cliff
that I am climbing.
I inch my way toward the top.
Slowly.

Lauren Myers

HOLOCAUST

When you are hidden
from enemies
from friends

The world is
a knock on the door
a fear
a small panel secluded in a wall.

You lie to keep yourself from death,
But you are dying anyway,
slowly, painfully,
Of gnawing hunger and memories

You dream and hope and wish.
Your sanity may quiver,

But do not fall, because the panel in the wall,

Is hollow

Jason Baumgarten

THOUGHTS OF MYSELF

There was a day in my life
(I think)
when I finally understood.

I decided to dedicate myself
to consideration before action.

I began to stop living my life
(I think)
on the spur of the moment.

I started to plan
what I would do the next day.

I gave up my normal frugality
and started to enjoy all that I had.

But most importantly
(I think)
I learned about my heritage.

I talked to my grandparents
and started to ask for stories about me.

I learned
things that I had never known before.

I really tried
To understand.

Never before
did I try so hard.

I am proud
of myself.

Now, I defend myself
(I think)
and my views.

I am sure of
(I know)
who I am.

Dan Walinsky

THE QUESTION

A young girl once asked me a very strange question: "Why is there always a person following me? Always doing the same things I'm doing? Never leaving my side, almost attached to me? This person has no features and is plain, flat, and ordinary. I think it's a girl. I can tell from her actions. She is very thin and at times quite tall."

My answer to her question was simple: "It's your shadow," I said," your best friend. It's an exact copy of you and it will never leave you alone."

Sara Gottesman

WHAT IS THE EARTH

Treat the Earth well, for we did not inherit it from our parents.
It has been loaned to us by our children. --Proverb

What is the Earth which I inherit?
What is this so-called "gift" from my parents?
A place where people kill and fight,
stifling nature's shining light.
Who can see the face of love
or hear the cry of mourning doves?
Or see the raging oily sea,
warning us of what will be?
And though I hate it with all my heart,
of this race I'm still a part.
Who can save our tired lands?
The future is in our own hands.
And though our lives now seem so dark,
Hope is a contagious spark.
Soon we all must open our eyes,
and save this world before it dies.

Sarah Levinson

INSIDE MY MIRROR

My eyes, with their shifting colors and tricky shapes are always disillusioning me. As I look into the mirror, I see my face has changed. It is different from the one I saw the day before. There are changes only I would notice. They scare me. Every morning I feel like I am looking at a new person. Subtle changes are there, and I can't get rid of them. Fear, wonder, and feelings I can't identify rush upon me. I get up and stare into the mirror, long and hard, for some kind of clue to myself. My face is passive. The emotions in my head and in my heart do not show up on my face. I smile, but the girl in the mirror does not. Tears appear on her cheeks, and yet my face is not wet. I am torn between my image and my self.

Lisa Sklar

WHY

I sit at my desk and my mind runs blank.
No thoughts come to me.
My pen is dry like my mouth
and my eyes fill with tears.
Shortly I will cry.
I've wasted so much paper and time
on things that are nothing to you and me.

Sara Gottesman

Photo by Ritaly Rappaport

THANKS TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

On May 13, 1987, while digging for fossils, two siblings in their late teens named Kristen and Joshua, uncover a tiny wooden box with a key fastened to it. The wood is partly split across the top with "Matt's Box" carved on a star that looks like it was painted at one time.

Curious, Kristen says, "Hey, Josh, look at this. There's a small journal in here dated from the late 1930's."

Thinking that they could find more artifacts, Kristen and Joshua continue to dig for hours until they come upon something sparkly, hard and bumpy. They find bits of gold and diamonds. After collecting as much as they can, the children bring everything home to their parents, who are shocked and speechless. Together, Kristen and Josh read the journal to their parents.

It all started in 1936, the beginning of the Second World War. Adolf Hitler had just invaded Holland and was headed for Austria. In a part of Austria where the woods lay, there existed an underground mine factory where Gadd Dwarves worked everyday from dawn until dusk. Because of their size, the dwarves used ladders to operate the mining machines which were used to crush and shape chunks of gold and diamonds. The walls of the mine were built from huge rocks piled upon one another. There were also hammers, axes and shovels scattered all around which were used to dig up the minerals. The exterior of the mine was made mostly of huge boulders with silver stars grouped in pairs. Each of the sets was spread out on the roof of each house also.

The reason the dwarves had silver stars on the mine and houses was that they worshipped the North Star for leading them to that mine filled with riches. Sketches of the houses showed living rooms with chairs and tables big enough for mice and a sofa the size of a watch. Most had tiny record players and televisions. The kitchens were like others with pots, pans, stoves and ice boxes. The children had to share rooms which led to much fighting and usually gave the parents headaches just like other families of Austria. The children's rooms were located near the living room far from the parents who wanted to sleep peacefully. The children were sent to school and as soon as they were dismissed, they would help their parents in the mine. Everyone would keep digging until they had enough gold and diamonds to be shipped out to manufacturers who used them to make jewelry. The dwarves would arrive at the mine every morning and return home to their little village in the late afternoon.

The village had large quantities of willow trees throughout the land. Scattered around the village were the dwarves' houses. There were many flowers, such as dandelions, daisies, roses and tulips all spread out between the trees and bushes. There was also a well where everyone would fill up their buckets with water to bring home. Each family had a garden with corn, tomatoes, beans, carrots, lettuce and beets. Sometimes, the children would go out with huge baskets and collect blackberries and

blueberries. There were also many woodland animals. All the friendly animals got along really well with the dwarves. Some, like the wolves and deer, would give the dwarves rides wherever they wanted to go.

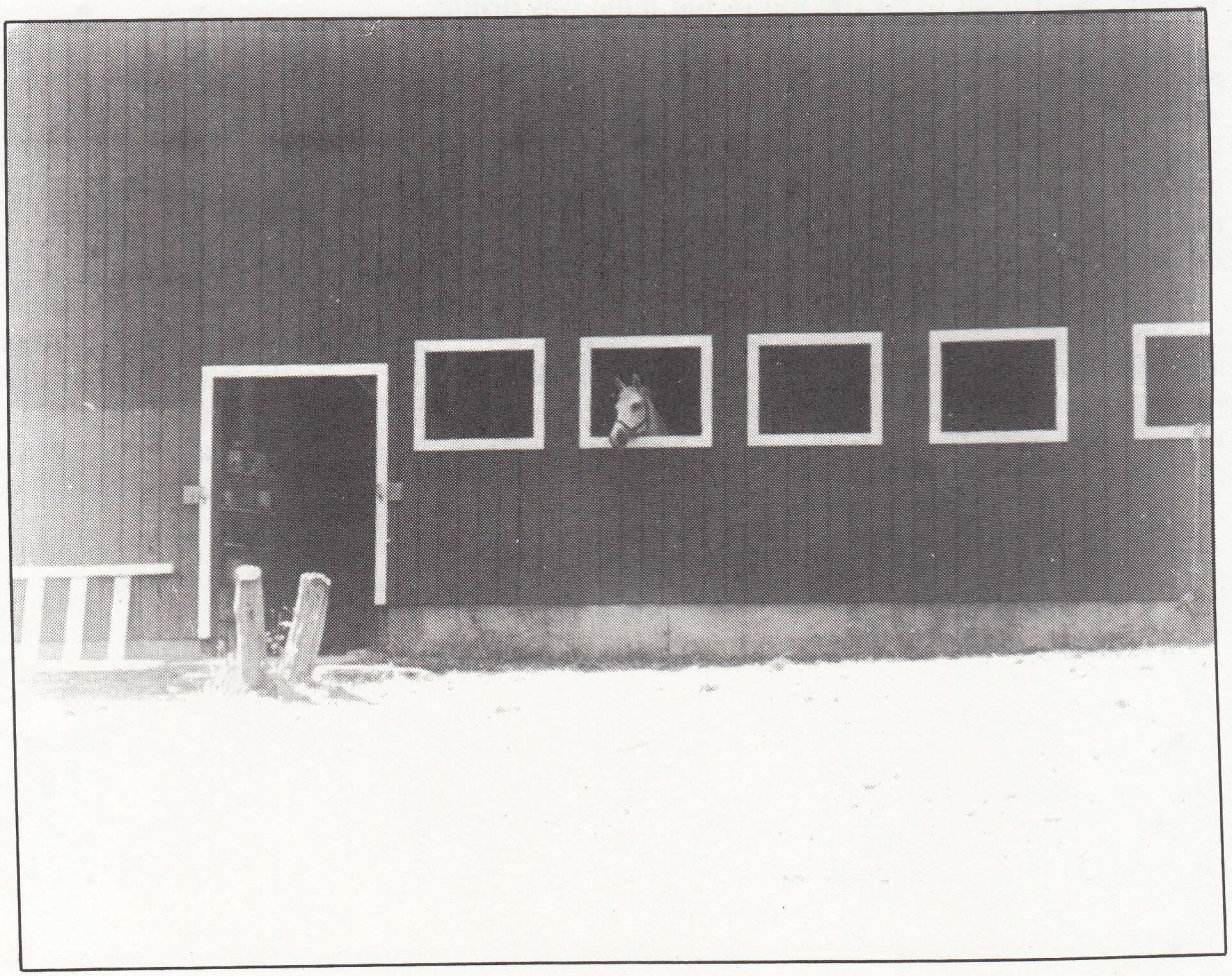
However, in 1938, Hitler ordered all his troops to look in the woods and forests for Jews who might be taking cover there. It didn't take long for Hitler to find the mine. Inside, the dwarves were working and conversing, but as soon as Hitler's troops entered, they dropped their tools and ran for their lives! When all the dwarves were captured, Hitler sent them to concentration camps. After clearing the building above the mine, the soldiers ruined it by smashing the machines and destroying the village. Within seconds, what used to be the top of the mine was history.

This is where Matt's entries ended, with the last three pages written in a rush just minutes before he was taken away to the camps. The family, realizing that the actual underground mine was not destroyed by the soldiers, grabs four huge baskets and runs to the ditch where Kristen and Josh found the minerals. Everyone begins to dig and within a couple of hours, they had uncovered large amounts of gold and diamonds. The father and mother laugh and shout all at once. Joshua and Kristen start putting everything into the baskets and even stick some in their pockets.

At home, the parents call all their friends and neighbors and begin to tell about the incredible discovery their children made. Even the mayor of the town hears of this and decides to reward Kristen and Josh with half the jewels while the other half will go to the town's medical and financial needs. The children are recognized as heroes. The town then decides to have silver stars put on all its houses with Matt's name engraved on each of them to show their thanks for helping to discover the mine filled with treasures.

Fernanda Leventhal

Literary Arts



EQUUS

I wait,
sensing nervousness in the beast.
I tap him gently,
moving him along.
The way is clear.
I line him up,
taking a deep breath to calm myself.
Tap, tap, tap.
He speeds up.
The wind rushes by my face;
the jolts travel up and down my spine.
My pulse quickens as we close in.
And then,
the leap.
We leave the ground together.
I think
for a fleeting second
that I'm flying.
Then we land,
slipping into a walk.
I circle around,
get in line,
and wait again.

Michael Handler

ONE

You feel your spine quivering. A frigid breeze passes, blowing your hair. Your eyes begin to wander down the rock textured mountain on which you're standing. You see a small valley below, covered with tall, green grass. Scanning the valley, you notice a large grey boulder. You begin to imagine being the boulder, then you begin to dream...

Infinite acres of tall grass.
I am taller and stronger,
but still immobile,
unable to leave this horrid atmosphere.
Constantly being surrounded by strangers
mocking my rough grey appearance;
Entrapped forever, in a cage of
hatred and sorrow.
Being one of a kind is
lonesome
but being different
is how the world functions.

Adam Markovics

BUBBLES!

I love bubbles!
Big and small,
Rainbow and white.
Day and night.
I love them all the same.
New Jars.
Old Jars.
$.69 Jars
$1.00 Jars.
I love bubbles!

Ali Aron

LONELINESS

Like a tidal wave
engulfing a small beach,
it washes over me
without warning.
I am not prepared
to be a lone star
twinkling in the empty blackness,
or a flickering candle
struggling to light an entire room
by myself.

Pam Franklin

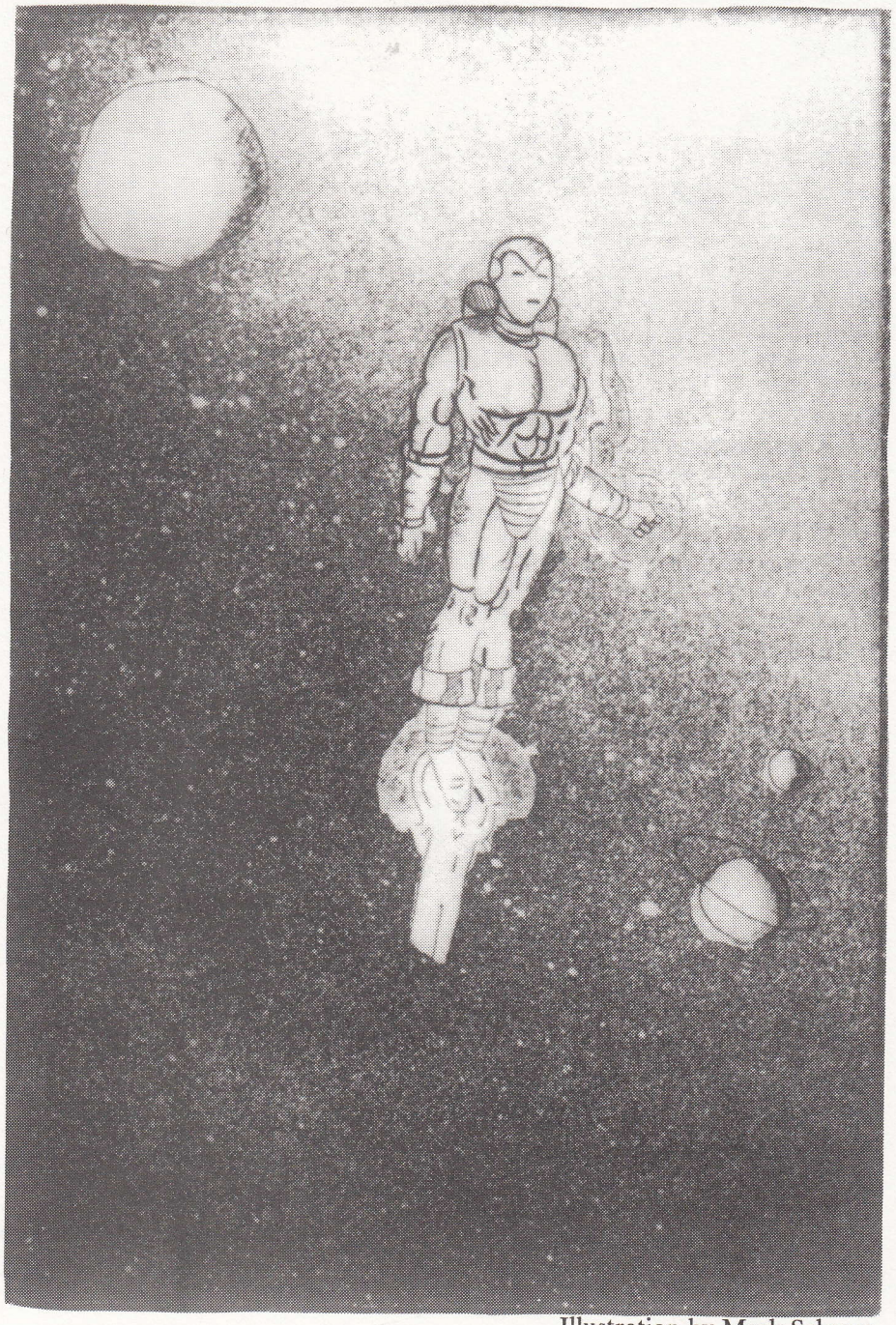


Illustration by Mark Scherer

EMANON

"We'll have to surrender," she said. The crisp coldness of her voice and her stony face did not betray the emptiness she felt at having to give up all her dreams. Those aspirations had been the essence of her life, and she felt that there was no other reason to live. In her heart, she knew that she wanted nothing more than to break down and cry. She sternly told herself not to show emotion.

She remembered the fateful day that changed her life. Her entire family had gathered aboard a yacht for a family reunion. She still remembered that day clearly, although it had occurred eleven years earlier. It had been one of those boring get-togethers, the kind that adults delighted in and the younger members endured. She was twenty-two at the time. Although she majored in journalism, she was attending a military college, for the simple reason that the school offered one of the best journalism programs in the country. She had of course been required to take many of the training courses, but she had decided that this was not a major setback. In fact, being specially trained had come in extremely handy when the boat suddenly began to sink. She was the only survivor, despite her best efforts to save her family. After that day, she vowed never again to become closely involved with another person. She then began her separation from society by abandoning her real name and assuming the pseudonym "Emanon."

Suddenly a voice interrupted her thoughts. "Commander, are you sure?"

Emanon thought to herself, "no," but for the sake of her crew she was forced to reply:

"Yes, Lieutenant, I am sure." Emanon realized that the step she was taking could be the beginning of the end.

Emanon knew she could forfeit her own safety for that of her crew. In fact, that was what she planned to do. She was aware that the enemy commander, James Larden, had more than a small liking for her. Emanon intended to use this to her advantage during the negotiations.

Emanon took a deep breath and prepared herself for the next step. "Ready a small pod," she ordered the nearby lieutenant.

"What are you saying, Commander?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I *said*, ready a small pod," Emanon replied, with such a crisp voice and expressionless face that the lieutenant rushed to obey.

Emanon boarded the miniature ship and set a direct course for the enemy craft. She tried to communicate with the other ship. "This is Commander Emanon of the Spacecraft Lemee. Do you read me?"

"Yes, Commander. What is the purpose of your craft?"

Emanon said, "My vessel comes seeking peace with possible surrender. Commander Emanon out." Emanon was hoping to find a way not to give up.

"Stand-by for dock openings," said that same robotic voice.

"Finally," said Emanon under her breath.

As the craft docked, Emanon saw the other commander staring her straight in the face. He had an average build, deep brown eyes, and brown hair. Emanon remembered

when they had first met, at school. He had asked her out, about a year after the accident. Emanon had bluntly refused, and James Larden had been a bit shocked. No one else had ever said no to him.

Startled by his intense gaze, she forgot for a moment her stone front and revealed her surprise. Emanon had not realized that he would be there when she arrived. Quickly she donned her expressionless mask.

"How nice of you to come yourself," he said.

"It was my duty, Commander Larden," Emanon replied.

"Whatever you say," he answered, agreeing yet not wishing to believe her. "Escort her to her chamber," he commanded one of his lieutenants.

On the way to her lodgings, Emanon privately marveled at the likeness of this ship to her own. When she reached her quarters, she received an even greater shock. The room was almost an exact replica of the one she occupied on her own vessel!

As soon as the lieutenant left, Emanon put a call through to her ship. "Commander Emanon to the Lemee. Do you read me?"

"Yes, Commander, we read you," said the Lieutenant. "Where are you?"

"I am on the enemy ship, 'Trebet', to conduct peaceful negotiations," Emanon replied. "I will keep you posted as to my whereabouts. Commander off."

Emanon looked at her surroundings. Collecting herself, she started to get ready for the meeting with Commander Larden. She began to consider her situation. Emanon realized that there would be a hidden camera watching her at all times, so she was careful.

Emanon sat on the edge of the bed, next to the formica dresser. On the dresser she noticed a brush, comb and mirror. Emanon went to the mirror and let down her long, thick auburn hair. Brushing her hair, she used it as a cover to gaze around the room. She looked up, and saw a camera looking back at her. She took her shoes off, and her feet sank into the plush carpet. Emanon put her hair back into the bun, and then settled herself to await the conference. The solitude was broken by the speaker in the corner.

"Commander Emanon, please join us in the conference room. Someone will come to take you there shortly. Thank you."

"And thank you," Emanon muttered as she slipped her shoes onto tired feet. There was a knock at the door.

"Commander, this is Ensign Zimon, and I'm here to escort you to the conference room."

Emanon pushed a small button and the door slid open. Outside she saw a pretty young woman, waiting to lead the way.

"Follow me." The young woman spoke sharply and curtly, with just enough respect in her voice to prevent her from earning a strict reprimand.

On the way to the conference room, Emanon again noticed the ship's likeness to her own. It had the same beige panels, and, strangely enough, the personnel in the area were dressed in the uniform of Lemee officers.

Suddenly they were at the conference room. "Go right in. They are waiting for you," said Ensign Zimon.

The door opened immediately. Emanon went inside. As her eyes adjusted to the strange light that filtered through the room, Emanon saw Commander Larden standing there alone, waiting for her. The grin on his face was almost unbearable.

"Let's get down to business, shall we?" she said. It sounded like a statement instead of a question.

"Yes, we shall," he answered, his tone almost mimicking hers. "What standpoint are you taking?"

"According to regulations, these conferences are supposed to be attended by several impartial witnesses," replied Emanon, neither changing her expression nor sitting down.

"Since when do *you* go by the book," he teased.

"I have always followed regulations," replied Emanon, privately thinking that they weren't getting anywhere.

"Why did you come here anyway?" he asked.

Emanon simply answered, "You already know that I'm here to negotiate peace."

"Are you really? I wonder," Larden said in a slightly mocking way. Suddenly they were interrupted by the speaker in the corner.

"Commander?"

"Yes," said both Emanon and Larden at the same time.

"Commander, *sir*, you are needed at the bridge. Ensign out."

Commander Larden turned to Emanon apologetically. "I'm sorry about this. We'll continue this conference tomorrow. Ensign Zimon will escort you back to your room." He lingered a moment, then left. Ensign Zimon arrived shortly, and soundlessly took Emanon to her chamber.

At the bridge, after solving the problems that had arisen in his absence, James Larden sat down and thought about Emanon. He was aware that he loved her; he had known that since he first saw her at the Academy. The problem was getting her to love him. "Mark, can you come here for a second?" James called to a lieutenant, his best friend.

"Yes, Commander," Mark replied, wondering why James was addressing him so informally on the bridge.

"Mark, I need your help with a personal matter. Remember how I told you about Emanon?" James asked as they walked down the corridor leading to a private room. Mark nodded, and James continued, "Well, I need help getting Emanon to love *me*." At that, they reached the room.

"Tell me a little more about what you want me to do, James," said Mark. He knew that James wouldn't do anything to hurt anybody, but he also knew how much Emanon meant to him.

"Well, I just want you to do a little research for me. Find out her real name."

"What are you talking about? Her name is Emanon." Mark was confused.

"It isn't. She changed her name when her family died eleven years ago. She also changed her attitude towards life. I want to give her a new attitude, a new life. I want her to love me."

Mark was taken aback, startled by his friend's evident determination.

"I'll do it," he said.

After a handshake and brief thanks, Mark left, but James stayed and thought about Emanon.

At that same time, Emanon was sitting and thinking about James, and how rude he was.

* * *

The next day, soon after breakfast, Emanon was again summoned to the conference room, with Ensign Zimon supposedly as her guide. But Emanon knew that the Ensign was really her guard.

When Emanon and Ensign Zimon reached the conference room, Emanon went directly in, unfazed by the light, and again Commander Larden was the only person there.

"I thought we went over this yesterday," said Emanon. "I will not negotiate peace without at least two impartial witnesses."

James sighed and spoke into the intercom. "Lieutenant Liefly, did you get me two impartial witnesses?"

"Not yet," Mark said, playing along.

Commander Larden turned back to Emanon. "Satisfied?"

"Actually, no," Emanon replied, not changing her expression.

"Well, what's wrong? The food is satisfactory?" James was a little worried. He had to keep her here awhile.

"The food is fine. However, it has been almost fifteen hours since our last meeting, which happened to last only two minutes. I came here for negotiations, Commander Larden. I do not have time to waste. Until you are ready to conduct serious business I will go back to my ship. You can notify me there. Good-bye." Emanon walked out of the conference room, and, although James called after her to wait, she continued until she reached the docks. James called into his transmitter.

"Close the dock. Close the dock!" But James' attempts were futile. Emanon returned to her ship. James went to his cabin, depressed. He needed to talk to Mark.

"Lieutenant Liefly, my quarters, now!" James sounded more cross than he had realized. Mark arrived out of breath, a moment later, evidently startled by his friend's tone.

"What happened?" Mark asked worriedly. Quickly, James filled Mark in.

"...and then I called for you. I needed someone to talk to," James concluded.

"Well," said Mark. "I have some good news and some bad news. Which do you want first?"

"It can't get any worse than this. You choose."

"Okay, I'll give you both at once," said Mark, hoping to cheer up his friend. "I did the research on Emanon. The only problem is that her military career begins eleven years ago, immediately after the accident."

"Well then get the records from *twelve* years ago!" James' temper was definitely wearing thin. "And hurry up!" Mark, a bit subdued, left to continue his research.

James sat back, and spent the rest of the morning devising a new plan to capture Emanon's heart.

* * *

Next morning, James awoke to Mark's voice coming out of the speaker.

"James, I've found it! I know her name. Meet me at the bridge. Mark out."

Quickly James threw on his uniform and ran to the bridge. He had to know! "Mark, what's her name?" James asked, out of breath.

"I found out that Emanon's real name is Ara Cerezon," Mark announced triumphantly.

"Thanks." James was glad to have this piece of the puzzle solved. "Mark, did you get those two witnesses?"

"Yes, from Zippin, but why?" Mark was puzzled. James was mixing business with pleasure, something he rarely did.

"She won't come back to the ship without them. Ready the conference room, and put those witnesses in it. Also, get a space pod ready. I'm inviting her back in person."

James went to the dock, boarded the pod, and headed towards the woman he loved.

Back in Emanon's room, the speaker crackled to life. "Commander Emanon, Commander Larden is here to see you." Emanon sighed and let him in.

"Are you ready for serious negotiations?" Emanon asked.

"Actually, I'm here to apologize."

"I thought I told you that I did not wish to speak to you until you were ready to conduct serious business," Emanon said, hoping to get him to leave so that she could collect herself.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I *am* ready to conduct serious negotiations. I have two witnesses ready back on my ship. Be there within the hour." James was determined to keep trying.

"You seem to have forgotten that we are of equal rank. You cannot order me around. Besides that, where are those two *impartial* witnesses from?" Emanon questioned, a bit suspiciously.

"They are from Zippin, the neutral planet west of your ship." James answered.

"In that case you won't mind if I add my own two witnesses from Zippin."

"Of course not," James answered. "They can fly to my ship with you. Within the hour."

"We will be on your ship soon, but not until we are completely ready," Emanon countered. "Please leave."

"As you wish, *Ara*." James said, with his abominable smile. He left her alone with her thoughts.

"Wha...!" Emanon sank down onto her bed, burying her face in her hands. She could not believe how the past was creeping up on her. The sorrows she had wished to forget had been thrown back in her face. Emanon needed to collect herself and decided to start getting ready. She showered and changed, then glanced at the clock on the nightstand next to her bed. She noted that well over an hour had passed since James had left. "Well, serves him right," Emanon said to herself. "He should learn that some people don't always do as he says." With that thought, Emanon departed from her ship with the two witnesses in a small pod. They soon arrived on the "Trebel". As before, James was waiting for them at the dock.

"Hello, Commander Larden. Please have one of your Ensigns take us directly to our rooms."

"Nice to see you too," James said sarcastically. "Lieutenant Liefly, show them to the prepared rooms.

"Yes, sir," replied the Lieutenant.

Emanon and the witnesses followed the lieutenant, the witnesses reaching their rooms first.

"I hope you enjoy your room, Ara." Mark accidently let her name and his knowledge of it slip out.

"How did you know my name?" Emanon demanded.

Shamefacedly, Mark told her. "James had me do research to find out your real name."

"James?" Emanon asked, already knowing the answer.

"The commander," Mark answered, deciding to come clean about whatever she asked.

"Why did he pick you to do this 'research'?" Emanon asked.

"Because I'm his best friend." Mark explained.

"Ohhh," said Emanon, understanding. "You may go now." Mark left and Emanon sank down onto the bed. Only then did she realize that she was in the same room as before.

"Commander Emanon, prepare to meet us in the conference room. Ensign Zimon will escort you there." Emanon sighed in relief. She was glad that the rest of the staff aboard still addressed her as *Emanon*.

When Ensign Zimon appeared, Emanon was ready to begin negotiations. They went directly to the conference room, and Emanon, notes in hand, barely noticed that the staff in this area was still in the Lemee uniform. The conference room was the same one that Emanon had been in twice before. The only differences were that the light was strong, and instead of only Commander Larden being there, the four witnesses sat there as well.

"Are you ready to begin?" Commander Larden asked innocently.

"As soon as you are," Emanon replied, sitting down at the round table that dominated the conference room. James followed her example and the negotiations began.

Later in the day, the negotiations still continued. The clock said 7:42 P.M., but the two Commanders kept on, pausing only to eat a dinner of sandwiches and juice. They kept firing suggestions at each other. When they ended for the night at 11:28 P.M., the treaty consisted of an opening paragraph and three short passages.

* * *

The next morning the treaty negotiations began at 9:00 A.M. The days that followed left Emanon with very little time to think about the past. Negotiations stopped only for meals, and even those were accompanied by loud discussions, concerning politics. The negotiations lasted for fifteen days in this form. Finally, the treaty was agreed upon by all members of both the groups. The witnesses returned to the planet Zippin and resumed their everyday lives.

Emanon returned to her ship and went off to continue her work. However, she found herself occupied by requests for photographs and interviews. It turned out that the treaty was more important than she or James had realized. The syndicated space press clamored for interviews.

Both Emanon and James were required by their superiors to be responsive to the demands of the press. During the photo sessions and the interviews, the two Commanders had to act friendly towards each other, despite personal feelings, for the sake of their countries.

For James, this task was an unexpected pleasure -- he could be near Emanon. On the other hand, Emanon felt uncomfortable due to the unwanted exposure; she had never liked public scrutiny. But she endured the press, and even had interesting discussions with Commander Larden, not just making polite conversation but actually *talking*.

James Larden was really enjoying himself. The woman he loved was with him often, and she was speaking to him. He was thankful for the unexpected twist of fate that enabled him to see Emanon again.

The frequency of Emanon and James' discussions increased as the treaty grew to include other countries and planets. Emanon found herself looking forward to their meetings. Likewise, she began to enjoy James' company. He was considerably nicer away from the atmosphere of official negotiations. He even shared some of his private opinions with her, and Emanon trusted him with some of hers.

James was beginning to realize that, around Emanon, he had no need for pretense. Between them, there was a mutual respect for beliefs. James was beginning to admire Emanon more and more for who she was. He realized that her past made it hard for her to accept certain things. Undrestanding that let James understand Emanon a little more.

One day, a photo session was scheduled to take place on the 'Trebet', to photograph the two Commanders shaking hands at the conference table. This time their discussion didn't come to an end at the same time as the photo session. It seemed only natural for James to invite Emanon to stay on the ship longer, in order to finish their conversation. Just as it seemed only natural for Emanon to accept.

Serena J. Silver

Illustration by Julie Gilber

GAEA

Look into my eyes and weep,
for there is my pain.
My children kill me, as they kill themselves.
Destroying the forests and polluting the land;
their eyes are shut, denying the truth.
They cannot hide,
for they depend upon me for their lives.
Look behind me,
for there is one who never leaves me
and who will one day claim me.
It is Oblivion.
It draws closer each day.
I wonder, will I eventually welcome it?
Lo, for I am Gaea, the Earth-Mother.
Look into my eyes and weep.

Michael Handler

THE SOUL OF BRAVERY

A thick golden mane
glistens in the warm sun of the jungle.
Muscular legs and talon-like nails
intimidate all opponents.
A ferocious roar
immediately silences the atmosphere.
He prowls fearlessly through rough terrain
with head held high
and a soul of marble.
His offspring will prowl too,
protecting the environment from strangers.
Humans can only wish for
the soul of bravery
which the lion truly
possesses.

Adam Markovics

IMAGINATION

Under the orange desert sky,
the dusty, cracked bones were
the only thing left
of the young Indian
who couldn't wait to grow up.
When his mother's back was turned,
he galloped off
on his fat, old pony
trying to be like the
warriors with their painted faces
and bows and arrows.
(They were galloping off
to attack a wagon train
that was headed for Arizona
or some far-off
place like that.)
But a soldier saw him
before the warriors ambushed the train
and drew his gun.
And almost before I heard
the crack of the pistol,
the young Indian
who couldn't wait to grow up
was dead,
his chest pierced
by a bullet.
In awe and horror
I watched
the amazing scene
that unfolded
right before my eyes
as my family drove by
on our way to Arizona
or some far off
place like that.
But no one believed me.
They said the bones
were just some
animal's carcas
and that I was

imagining things
like I always did.
But I knew
it had happened
And later that day,
I know I saw
the ghost
of the young Indian
who couldn't wait to grow up
riding off into the
purple sunset
looking quite regal
on his fat, old pony.

by Erika Grumet

Illustration by Elisa Leimsider

PRAY FOR A DREAM

Sometimes I look at the stars,
and see a dream lost.
Listening carefully to the birds,
I can hear them laugh.
I take walks along roads
that have no end
but arrive home anyway.
Sometimes
when I'm alone,
I see a vision
of peace.

But tonight,
all I see is black.
And all I hear
is my heart beating.
My legs feel like lead.
I turn on the news--
murder, war, and crime.

This thing called life
is so confusing in my mind.
Meanings change slowly
like the seasons.
Friends come and go
like the mail.

So tonight,
I close my eyes
and pray for a dream.
Then comes dawn.

Gysele van Santen

THE CARDINAL KILLER

(1)

Stanley Hemlington looked into his cup of coffee, stirring it without much enthusiasm.

"Hey, what's eatin' you?" asked Jim Danbury, who was seated across from him in the corner coffee shop, La Cafeteria.

"It's that guy I saved," Stan said, looking up into his partner's face.

"Why are you worried about him?" Jim asked quizzically. "You saved his life, for Crissake! You deserve your coffee! Drink up."

Jim frowned as Stan stared down into his coffee cup again.

"All right," Jim said sternly, "be that way."

He gave Stan one more strange look and took a long, hearty sip of his own steaming coffee. His eyeballs drifted back into his head.

They both sat there for a long time, staring at each other, not saying anything. For Stan, this had been a long day.

"I don't think he crashed into that building by accident," Stan said, finally breaking the silence.

Jim gave his partner another strange look, "Whaddaya mean by that? The guy lost control of his car and crashed into the side of that building. He lost consciousness and stopped breathing. You saved his life! Why are you so disappointed?"

"I don't know," Stan answered firmly. "It's just a nagging feeling I have. It seemed unusual, that's all."

"Unusual? What was so unusual about it?"

Stan shrugged his shoulders.

The waitress came over. She was dressed in a small, tight outfit that revealed about as much as it concealed. She scooped up Jim's cup of coffee, and looked at Stan.

"Ya don't want your coffee, sweetie?" she asked him in a high, squeaky Betty Boop voice.

"Naw," he answered, "I don't think I want any coffee today, Julie. You can take it away."

Without a word, she took his cup and walked away.

"What was the guy's name anyway?" Jim queried.

"Sam Weston. Ever hear of him?"

Jim shook his head no, "Nope. Well, forget about it. I guess we've got to get back to crime-stopping, eh?"

Stan nodded as he put on his jacket. The shiny badge that had "BPD" engraved on it gleamed.

Jim put his jacket on too, "Let's go."

They both walked out of their booth, leaving behind a two dollar tip for Julie, and went over to the other side of the coffee shop where the exit was.

"Hey!" Julie cried before they could leave, "Hemlington, there's a phone call for ya!"

"Who is it?" Stan asked her, turning around.

Julie grinned, for no special reason. She probably did it because it annoyed the hell out of everybody.

"Never mind," he grumbled as he walked over to the phone that Julie was holding for him.

"Hello?" he said into the receiver.

"Yeah, Hemlington? This is Merrick."

Stan straightened up. Chief Homicide Inspector Merrick was one of the most respected officials on the force.

"You know that guy you saved? Weston?" Merrick asked in a serious voice.

"Yeah."

"Well, I think you'd better get over here," Merrick continued, "The Western Rotary,

at the park. We think Weston is here too. We need you to confirm an identification."

"What's wrong?"

"Weston is dead, Stan. Shot in the chest with a .22 S&W bullet."

Stan almost dropped the phone. "Are you sure it's him?" he asked breathlessly.

"We're not sure," came the reply. "That's why we need you. Get here as fast as you can. Code 3."

Stan then heard a "click" and a dial tone.

He stood there, staring into the phone. Weston dead?

In a daze, he put the phone on the cradle and walked over to Jim.

Jim noticed the look on his partner's face, "What's wrong?"

"Somebody shot Weston," he said, and watched Jim's eyes widen. "Merrick needs us to confirm an identification."

Danbury's jaw dropped, "I can't believe it! You were *right*, Stan! You were right!"

"Never mind that," Stan said desperately, "Let's roll."

(2)

The patrol car stopped with a screech at the Western Rotary. Merrick raced up to greet them.

"Good to see you, men," he said sincerely. "The body's over there."

The two officers got out of the car and followed Merrick over a small hill. The stench of death was obvious.

The body was covered with a large, black blanket, and it was guarded by another officer.

Stan took a few uncertain steps toward the blanket and removed it. It looked like Weston, but he couldn't be sure.

He looked closely at the face. Yeah, he did recognize something. A big, black birthmark around the right eye. That confirmed the identification.

"It's him," Stan said to the homicide officer.

Grimly, Merrick brought out his radio and barked into it.

"Identification confirmed. Sam Weston dead."

Stan didn't listen to the rest.

Dispatch said something else to Merrick via the radio, and his brown eyes widened. He turned to look at Stan.

"You know that car that crashed into the side of the building?" he asked him.

Stan nodded.

"Three bullet holes were found in the right-front tire. Someone wanted that car to crash."

The two officers gaped.

"Oh, Jesus!" Jim cried. "How the *hell* did you know?"

Stan realized that Jim was talking to him.

"Know what?"

"That it wasn't an accident! How the hell did you know!"

"I told you," Stan answered. "I had a feeling."

"Gentlemen!" Merrick barked at the two officers, "We've got more important things to worry about than foresight. This is the second murder in three days. One other victim, Jack Eastman, was killed with the same type of bullets."

Jim and Stan shut up, and slowly turned to face Merrick.

"Do you think there's a connection?" Jim asked.

"It's very probable." Merrick answered, still glaring at them.

They all stood there, staring at each other.

We've probably got a psychopathic killer on our hands... Stan was thinking, *A psychopathic killer and we've got to stop him.*

Jim was thinking about the other guy, Eastman. Why did that name sound so familiar? Jack Eastman. Did he know anyone named Jack? Eastman. Eastman. Jack Eastman.

Who the *hell* was he?

Merrick watched the nervous looks on their faces and his glaring subsided.

"Men," he said, "go home. Relax. Lie in bed and read or something. Take the rest of the day off. But be back at the station bright and early tomorrow morning. I'm gonna ask Sergeant Oxford to hold a briefing on this. Since you two were the most involved in this, I'm putting you guys in charge. Alright?"

They didn't say a word, they just nodded.

"Good," Merrick said, "I'm glad you accept. We might be doing this all for naught. It might as well be two different killers and a major coincidence that the bullets are the same. Even so, we're bringing em' to justice. Got it?"

Again, they just nodded.

"Good," Merrick said, and then pointed to their patrol car. "Now get the hell out of here!"

(3)

Sergeant Oxford began the briefing at ten o'clock the next morning. He stood at the podium with the air of a man who knows what he's doing. Standing next to him was Merrick. His brown eyes sparkled with excitement, as they usually did when he thought he was onto something big.

The briefing room was average size, with enough space for fourteen officers to sit. Every chair was filled. Jim and Stan sat in the front.

"Alright, men," Oxford began. "I believe you all were updated on yesterday's events."

All the officers in the room nodded.

"Then you all know about the murders of Sam Weston and Jack Eastman. They both were killed in the same way, with the same type of bullets. We've gotta get him, understand?"

Nobody said a word.

"Excellent. Merrick, your turn."

Oxford got down from the podium, and with a momentary glance at the officers, Merrick got up.

Merrick drummed his fingers on the podium a few times, as if trying to think of what to say. His eyes were sparkling like crazy.

"Now," he began, "I had Ballistics analyze the bullets that were taken from the bodies of the two victims, as well as the bullets taken from the tires of Weston's car. The bullets are, unfortunately, untraceable. All the bullets were Smith & Weston bullets, yet that wasn't near enough evidence to prove that the bullets came from the same gun."

Merrick cleared his throat, then took a plastic bag from under the podium.

"Sergeant," he said to Oxford, "please pass these around."

Oxford took the bag, then gave it to the officer closest to him, who in turn started passing it around.

"Inside the bag are five bullets," he continued as the bag was being passed around. "Examine them closely. Tell me if you see anything unusual."

The plastic bag continued to be passed around, and nobody said a word. Finally, a bright-eyed officer in the back of the room blurted out, "There's a black mark on every one of them!"

"Correct!" Merrick said matter-of-factly. "It is known that a burn mark can appear on a bullet when fired in a certain way. It all depends on the way you shoot the pistol. A burn mark can be seen on every single one of those bullets, that's plenty of evidence to prove that all of those bullets were fired out of the same gun."

Merrick paused to take a breath, and then looked down at Oxford, whose eyes were widening.

"We *do* have a murderer here," he said. Then, looking back at the officers he added, "And we have to get this person. I'm counting on every single one of you to help bring the murderer to justice. Alright, men? Good."

Photo by Zedda Gavin

Merrick got down, waving Oxford back up onto the podium.

"Okay, we know what we have to do. Charlotte, will give you call numbers for the day, as well as the sections you are to cover. If news of another murder gets through, report back to Merrick. Yet, I'm counting on you not to have to make that report. Watch your butts, guys. Now, get back out there!"

Oxford got down from the podium and slowly walked out of the room. The screeching noises of chairs being pushed back were heard as the officers got up and filed out of the room. Only Merrick, Jim, and Stan remained.

Merrick walked over to them and whispered in a serious voice, "I want to see you two in my office, A.S.A.P."

Merrick left. The briefing room was suddenly plunged into silence, only broken by the tense breathing of the two officers.

They looked at each other. Finally, Stan spoke.

"Well, what do you make of it?" he said.

Jim shrugged, "I don't know." "The only thing I know is that the next time you have a hunch, I'll believe it."

Stan's gaze turned harsh, "Will you *forget* that already! I already feel guilty enough that I *had* that feeling and I *still* let Weston go on alone. He got killed! It's my fault!"

Jim flinched, realizing for the first time how upset Stan had become after Weston's death.

"Come on," he said, standing up. "We shouldn't keep Merrick waiting."

(4)

"Danbury," Merrick began, "I know the news of Eastman's death came as quite a shock to you..."

Jim stared at Merrick quizzically. He still couldn't figure out why the name Eastman sounded so familiar.

"When I assigned this case to you, I never realized..." Merrick trailed off, not knowing what else to say.

"You are welcome to abandon this case and schedule an extended family leave."

Jim's eyes widened. Family? Jack Eastman was family? Who *was* the guy?

All of a sudden, it hit him. Why it took so long, he didn't know. But it hit him. It hit him like a run away tow-truck.

His knees buckled, and he fought for a chair on the other end of the office. He sat down. Trembling.

Jack Eastman. How could he forget that name? Jack was married to his sister, Diane.

He had never been very close to his sister, since she moved far away after turning eighteen. The last time he ever heard of her was about a year ago, when he was told that she had married some guy named Jack. He'd forgotten about it. He could never think of Diane as Diane Eastman, only as Diane Danbury. Even the fact that the Eastman Novelty Company was here in Beauford, completely slipped his mind. *Dammit!* How could he forget that name? Eastman was murdered thirty-two hours ago, and he didn't realize who had been killed until now.

"I want to stay," Jim said matter-of-factly. He stood up.

"Are you sure?" Merrick asked.

"Yes," Jim answered, his voice becoming firm. "Now Hemlington and I each have something driving us on. We can do this, sir."

Stan slowly turned his head to face his partner. Jim's face was turning red. Drops of perspiration were forming on his forehead. Jim looked fierce and ready for action. Stan suddenly felt a new feeling wash over him. They *could* do this. They will avenge the deaths of Eastman and Weston.

Stan's eyes began to sparkle with excitement. He slowly realized why Merrick's eyes always sparkled like that.

Stan's train of thought was cut short by the loud sound of the station intercom.

"Harold Merrick, call on line two," it blared.

Merrick began to grumble, and picked up the phone. He very softly began to speak so Jim and Stan couldn't hear.

Merrick's eyes began to widen. He hung up slowly.

Neither of the officers said a word, they could almost predict what Merrick was about to say.

"There's been another murder," he said, as he watched the expressions of the officers. "Ballistics analyzed the bullets and they are the same type as the others. The guy's name is Jessie Norden. Killed right outside of the Northern Rotary, by the movie theater."

Nobody said anything for quite a while. The silent tension in the room was unbearable.

"Damn, there goes my theory..." Stan mumbled.

The heads of the others snapped up.

"What theory?" Merrick said sternly.

"Huh?"

"You said you had a theory."

"Oh, I was just thinking. A bit of word play. *East*man and *West*on. East and west. Eastman was killed around the eastern part of the city. Weston was killed on the Western Rotary, which is on the western part of the city. I thought there was a pattern developing, but Norden and North don't connect."

A curious look came over Merrick's face, as if he was deep in thought. He began mouthing out some words that neither of the two officers could make out.

Merrick's mouth gaped open, as if shocked. Then, after a quick recovery, he bolted out of his seat, charging out the door.

Following Merrick, Jim and Stan entered a small room. The only furnishing in the room was a table. A rather large computer was on it.

Merrick didn't even seem to acknowledge the officers' presence in the room. He just walked straight over to the computer and turned it on. He began typing wildly.

A map of the city appeared on the screen. Merrick continued to type.

A shaded area outlined the southern half of the map and the rest of the map disappeared. What remained, grew until it covered the whole screen. They now had a close-up of the southern half of the city.

Merrick continued to type, but much more slowly. He soon pushed one more key and stopped.

The map disappeared, only to be replaced by lots of text on the screen.

Merrick scanned the text. Then, seemingly satisfied he grabbed a piece of paper and a pencil off the table and wrote a few things down.

He turned around and grinned, "I got a list off all the people who live in the northern and southern parts of the city. In the northern half, there *is* nobody with the word 'north' in their name. Nord sounds close enough to support your theory though. There is only one 'south' person who lives in the southern half of the city. An Earnest Southeny. lives at 42 Westboro Street. If your theory is correct, Hemlington, I suggest you guard this guy heavily. I'll organize a team. You guys will be in charge of this operation. This..." he trailed off for a few seconds, as if thinking, "This *Cardinal Killer* will be caught!"

Merrick stopped, taking deep breaths.

The others stared at him as if he was crazy,

"*The Cardinal Killer*?" they both asked.

Merrick shrugged, "Can you think of anything better?"

(5)

Earnest Southeny's house was rather large, painted white with a blue trim. At noon, all was silent. A white BMW pulled it's way up the driveway.

Inside the car were Jim Danbury and Stan Hemlington, dressed in everyday street clothes and nervous about this whole operation.

The past three days led to this moment, when the *Cardinal Killer* gets caught, or claims another victim.

Stan turned off the motor of the car which was purring quietly. They looked at each other, expressionless.

Four other patrol cars were parked in the woods in the back of the house. Jim was wearing a transmitter, so they could all listen to what was going on.

Southeny was informed of the details earlier and he was told to remain calm. The two officers would stay with him until the murderer was captured.

"Well," Stan said, breaking the silence, "What are we waiting for?"

"Absolutely nothing," Jim said, and got out of the car.

Stan watched as Jim stood impatiently by the front door of the house, waiting for his partner to get out of the car. Stan couldn't believe the transformation that had taken place in Jim.

It's because of his sister, he realized, *if it weren't for his sister he wouldn't be as anxious.*

Stan got out, and walked over to where Jim was. He rang the bell.

The bell triggered a tremendous "*Gong*!" that seemed to vibrate throughout the entire house.

"Hey," Jim said curiously, "Southeny's file didn't say anything about having two cars, did it?"

Stan turned around. That was true. A dark blue Mercedes and a red Volkswagen could be seen on the other end of the driveway. Southeny was the owner of the Mercedes, his file told them that. But the Volkswagen? Could it be...

The sound of the opening door distracted them. Earnest Southeny was a man in his late forties. He had dark, curly brown hair, and a pencil-thin mustache. He looked incredibly calm for one who would probably be a the next victim.

"Are you the..." he started.

The two officers nodded.

"Good, good," he said, partially relieved. "Please, come in."

The officers entered the home of Earnest Southeny.

"I have a visitor," he said as he closed the door. The two officers stiffened.

Earnest noticed the looks on their faces. "Don't worry," he said, "It's only my nephew, Maurice. But I haven't said anything to him about all this. He's here in Beauford on business and he needed a place to stay. I haven't seen him in years. I was very surprised to hear from him..."

Southeny went on about his nephew as they walked out of the foyer to a large kitchen where Southeny's nephew was seated.

He was a small man, some could even say "mousy," yet he had an air of authority about him that anybody could sense. He looked almost harmless despite the fact that he was examining a small handgun.

Stan took a step towards Maurice, but Jim held him back.

"Maurice," Southeny said to the man, "I'd like you to meet two friends of mine."

The two officers stared at each other. Southeny didn't sound too convincing.

Maurice looked up and put the gun down. Stan and Jim introduced themselves.

Stan interrupted, still feeling nervous about the gun Maurice was handling.

"Could I see it?" he asked Maurice.

Maurice shrugged, "Sure, go right ahead."

Stan picked up the gun. It was Smith and Weston alright, yet it still didn't prove anything. He opened it, and he found that it was loaded.

"What are you doing?" he accusingly asked of Maurice, "Handling a loaded gun like that!" It was his officer's instinct that took over.

Maurice's face turned pale for a second, "I'm quite capable of handling a gun, thank you. I've had my license for three years, and never had any... accidents."

Stan shrugged and, closing the gun, secretly took one of the bullets out. He put the gun back on the table.

Southeny said, "Maurice, why don't I show you where you'll be sleeping. You two,

make yourself at home. We'll be right back."

Maurice and Southeny left the room.

When Stan saw that the coast was clear, he showed the bullet to Jim.

"Taking the bullet," Jim complimented. "*Very clever*!"

Jim spoke into his transmitter, "Can you hear me?"

"Loud and clear," Merrick replied.

"We got one of the bullets from Maurice's gun. Can you analyze it? See if it's the same?"

"Sure, but we don't know where you are. Is there a window in the room?"

"Yeah, we can see the woods from here."

"Perfect. Blink the lights on and off."

Jim did so.

"Alright, we see where you are. Wrap the bullet in something and drop it out the window. We'll get there as fast as we can. Hurry!"

Jim grabbed a napkin that was on the table, wrapped the bullet in it, and quickly threw it out the window.

"Okay," Jim whispered, "We've..."

Jim stopped. Southeny and Maurice were just walking in. Maurice was staring at them curiously.

The officers looked at each other. Maurice's accusing gaze bore right through them. Did he see Jim throw the bullet out the window?

All they could do was keep Southeny and Maurice occupied until they got Merrick's analysis.

For a full hour and a half, the two officers struggled to make conversation. It was hard, but they managed it. Merrick was taking a long time.

Merrick announced into the microphone, "Danbury, the analysis of your bullet shows that it is the same as the others. We're on our way. *Don't do anything!* Keep Maurice at bay. Don't let him leave your sight! This bullet wasn't fired, so there's no burn mark on it, but there's enough evidence to arrest him. We're moving in. *This might be our man!*"

All the patrol cars began to surround the Southeny home. Merrick's car pulled up in the front.

"Alright!" he shouted, "Move in! He's armed in there, and if he's who we're looking for *he knows how to use it!* Okay, GO!"

Merrick watched as all of the officers got out of their cars and went over to the front door of the house. Finding the door locked, they broke it down, barging inside.

Merrick could hear the sounds of commotion and yells of protest from inside the house as the officers attempted to apprehend Maurice, the supposed Cardinal Killer. A shot rang out, and Merrick's sharp eyes saw a bullet crash through a window, embedding itself in a tree just a few feet behind the car. His eyes widened. That was it! The final bit of evidence he was looking for! All he had to do was get that bullet; if it had a burn mark, Maurice was as good as in jail.

Merrick quickly got out of the car and ran over to the tree. He began picking away at the bullet with a pocketknife. He was so excited, not only was his eyes sparkling, but he didn't even realize that he was in the line of fire.

Another shot rang out, yet Merrick didn't have enough time to hear it. He didn't even know what hit him. The bullet went through the same window right into Merrick's leg. The force of the shot sent Merrick sprawling through the air. He fell on the grass, fighting for consciousness.

Stan returned to his seat after hanging up the telephone at 'La Cafeteria.'

"How is he?" Jim asked.

"Better," he answered as he sat down. "The hospital's letting him out in a few days, or so. The trial yesterday took a lot out of him. Normally, they wouldn't dare let him leave the hospital."

It took a lot out of them, as well. Maurice was convicted, that was the good thing. Yet, the trial was the longest and most tedious either of them had ever endured. If it weren't for the bullet that was removed from Merrick's leg, he would have gotten off scot-free.

Stan slowly lifted the cup of coffee to his lips and took a long, hearty sip of it, smacking his lips as he put it down.

"How can you drink that so easily?" Jim asked.

Stan shrugged.

"Did you see the look on Merrick's face when we walked out of the house?" Jim continued. "Even if he wasn't conscious, that expression scared me. You know, there almost *was* a fourth murder? Merrick's? How could a person do such a thing, Killing all those people, just because they had cardinal directions in their names. I mean, can you figure it out? Maurice looked sane enough."

"There are plenty of people who are perfectly sane," Stan said, looking across at Jim. "Yet they have an obsession with killing. Some kill bugs, others people. Yet they consider killing a person about as harmless as killing a bug. Sane people with a terrible habit, that's all."

"But is that sane?" Jim asked, his voice wandering, "A killing habit, is that sane?"

Stan was lost for words. All he could say was, "I don't know."

Jim slouched back in his seat, "You know, we've heard of dozens of murders before. Yet none of them puzzle me as much as this. Most murderers have reasons or motives. This had nothing. I guess he looked sane on the surface, and he was *smart* too. Did you know that 'nord' is French for 'north?'"

Stan remained silent.

"Three people dead," Jim said, "And only because Maurice Southeny had a killing habit. I have a feeling that this isn't the last psychopathic killer we're gonna see, Stan."

"I don't think so either," Stan agreed. He took another sip of his coffee. Jim did too.

They didn't say anything. They just stood up, put on their jackets, put two dollar bills on the table, and walked out, waving to Julie as they left.

They entered their patrol car, driving farther and farther away from the coffee shop, where they'd spent so much time for the past eight years.

David Gilbert

LOVE

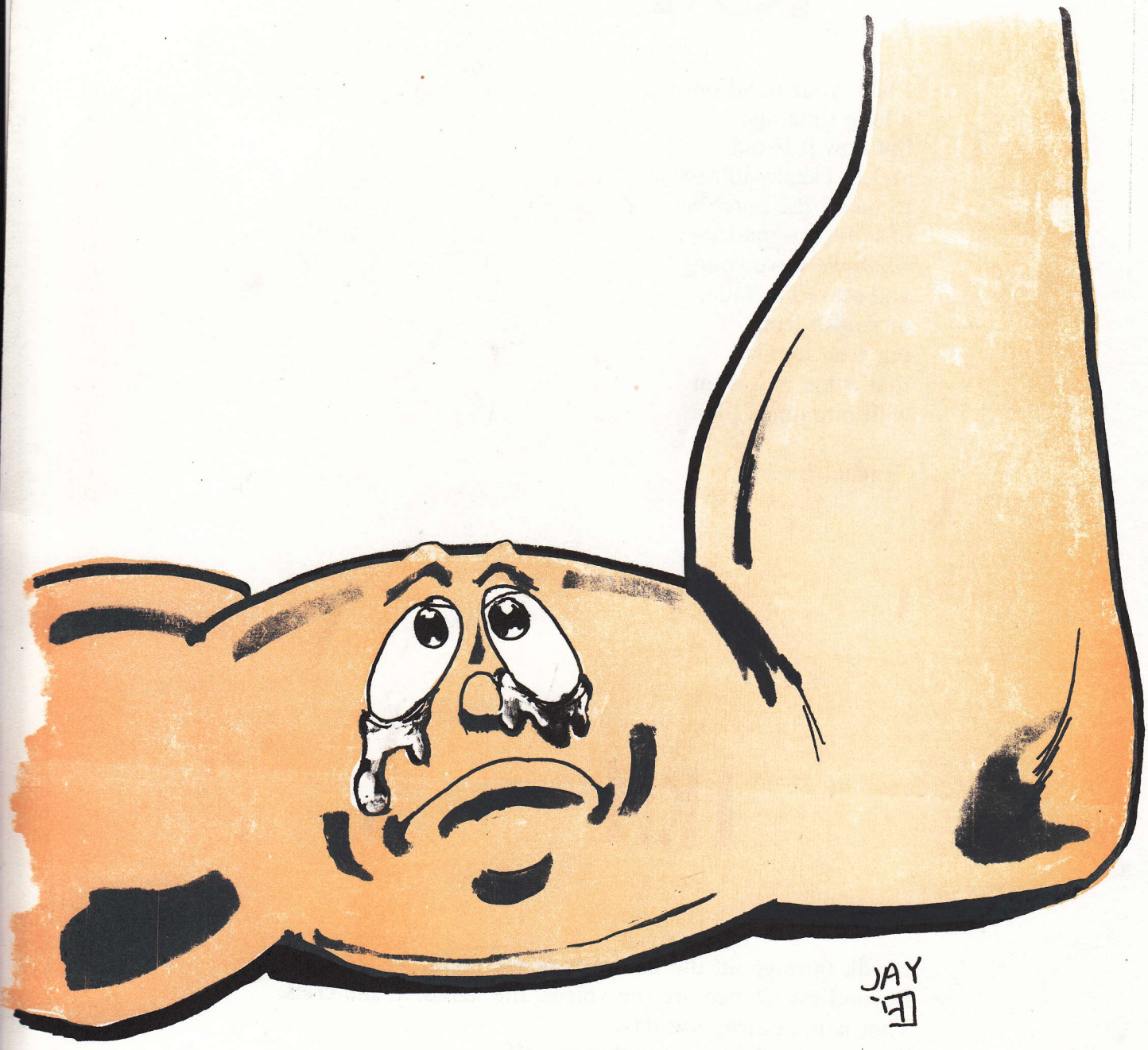
I held your hand once
a long time ago
but now it is old
and too shaky to sew,
to mend the patches
of holes we made,
when we were young
and scared to fade,
or vanish from
our true family
that came and went
with one quick plea.

Rachel Becker

FREE

I walk throughout the darkness of the night.
Beyond my silence are the voices, the laughter, the cries.
That is me during the day.
But at night, I am one within myself,
and beyond my darkness is light.
The moon transports me to places
I have never dreamed of entering before,
and most likely never will.

Rachel Becker



"Fruity the Muscle"

FRUITY THE MUSCLE™

A long time ago, in a distant land far, far away, lived a muscle named Fruity. He was a very hard working muscle. He would flex and reflex all day, laying brick, upon brick. Never taking any breaks, Fruity was one of the strongest, most popular muscles in Cleveland. On Sundays, Fruity's owner, Larry Z. Beefcake, would go fishing in the Ohio River. Fruity had a huge passion for fishing. It was a welcome change from the relentless world of bricklaying. As a matter of fact, all week long Fruity would look forward to Sunday afternoon. But this Sunday wasn't one Fruity would particularly enjoy; for today, this happy bicep was, in fact, doomed.

Larry's primitive brain sent the message to Fruity to cast out the line. Within a split second, Fruity had cast farther than he had ever cast before. After hours of waiting, the happy muscle felt a tug on his line and knew that he had a catch in his grasp. Fruity pulled with all his strength, but this was not enough -- the enormous fresh water shark was mightier than poor Fruity. Fruity did not yield to this rugged creature's pull, though. He was determined to land this catch; it would be the greatest challenge of his life.

"Arrrrrgggggghhhh!!!" cried Fruity as he tore, and let go of the line in excrutiating pain. Fruity fainted shortly thereafter.

He awoke three days later and found himself in a hospital bed at the Ohio River Community Hospital. He was wrapped in bandages and heard that he had been operated on. Larry Z. Beefcake was soon released from the hospital and knew that he could never lay bricks again. The operation was only a partial success, and Fruity would never be the same.

Larry went out and got a job answering telephone calls and taking messages. In time Fruity became flabby, and it wasn't long before he was one of the least noticed muscles in the greater Cleveland area. His most strenuous activities were reduced to tooth brushing, hair combing, page turning, picking up the telephone, and typing.

Every day on the way to work Fruity and Larry Z. Beefcake take some time to watch their old bricklaying friends working. Fruity yearns to bricklay once more, and cries often.

Dan Ewen and Jason Herschkowitz

SIBLING RIVALRY

"Cindy! Cindy, where are you?" My only answer was silence. "Cindy!" That kid could drive anyone insane. Suddenly, and more silently than any other eight year old I knew, she appeared from behind a bush and nearly scared the life out of me. She was such a strange little kid, with her nearly colorless hair and skin framing huge, shadowed, violet eyes.

But it wasn't just that. She had always been spooky, since birth, and probably in the womb, as well. My mother had suffered a difficult pregnancy and only Cindy had survived the birth. Since then, Cindy had been odd, managing to be quite demanding, yet never crying. Only her eyes, those piercing eyes from which no escape was possible, would follow you around the room.

Her oddness did not stop at her physical appearance; it extended to the whole of her personality. She never went through any of the normal childhood phases of whining, clinging, or tantrums. She simply became solitary, never playing with other children. Nor did she associate with adults, despite her adult understanding of many things. She seldom talked and preferred to be alone with her books, hidden from the world.

Coincidence as well appeared to be on her side. Odd occurrences tended to happen when Cindy was not pleased. When she was little and her bottle was late, our dad would get a migraine; or if my music was too loud, there would be a power failure. But there was more: like when my friend was over and in the middle of teasing Cindy immediately lost her voice; or the time when the kindergarten teacher who spanked Cindy for being rude broke her hand that night.

Daddy never realized how coincidental these occurrences were, but due to his favoritism, Cindy's needs soon began to take first priority in our house. The obvious and direct result of this was that Cindy became spoiled rotten. Now she expected to be first priority, and so she remained. And as she got older, the "coincidences" became, if anything, more frequent than before.

Now at age eight, she was spoiled to the core and obeyed no commands or directions but her own.

"Cindy, come inside. It's dinner."

She simply looked steadily at me and walked silently inside. I followed.

"Jessica, hurry up. You have to set the table," my dad called, sounding annoyed. "Oh, hi, Cindy darling."

She was his favorite.

I began taking out three sets of silverware, but my dad stopped me.

"You only need two sets tonight. *I* have a date."

I was shocked. This was his first date since my mother died.

Cindy looked up, horrified at his words. "*You* have a date?" she demanded.

"Yes, Cindy. I have a date tonight. Her name is Eliza and we're going out to dinner and then maybe I'll take her dancing."

Without another word Cindy glared at our father and stalked out of the room. She was used to having him all to herself, and she didn't appear too pleased at the turn

things were taking.

My dad shrugged. "She'll have to get used to it."

I finished setting the table and my dad got ready to leave.

"Bye, Jess. You know when to put Cindy to bed."

As dad left the house, Cindy walked into the room looking self-satisfied, quite opposite from the angry little girl who had left the room a few minutes before.

"Dad's not here," I said quietly. "He left for his date already."

"I know," she purred.

I didn't know what to say to something like that, so I just gestured toward the table. "Ready for dinner?"

She raised her chin and turned to leave. "No...Thank you."

I was left with two table settings and two servings of lukewarm spaghetti. I shrugged, "What the heck," and left it.

I went upstairs to my room and talked on the phone for a while. Then I realized it was past Cindy's bedtime. I had forgotten. I dropped everything and ran to her room.

I found her stretched out on her bed with her back arched. Her eyes were half open and slightly glazed, but despite her odd position she appeared to be sleeping soundly. I shuddered and turned to pick up the book beside her. It was a thick, old book. The title had been rubbed off the hard, brown cover. It was opened to the middle and I turned it over to look at it. I dropped it in surprise as I saw, written in thin spidery script, the word "*Witchcraft*".

It hit the floor and woke Cindy.

"Why are you in here?" She snatched the book from the floor.

"I came in to check on you and..."

"I'm fine. Out!" she pointed.

"Okay, okay, yes, your royal highness. Let me back out bowing and singing your praises." I muttered under my breath, "Brat."

I went back to my room and continued talking on the phone, but thoughts of that book kept returning to my mind.

About half an hour later when I had finished my conversation and was going downstairs to watch T.V., I heard the door open and my dad walked in.

"You're back early. What happened? Eliza didn't want to go dancing?"

"No," he said sounding bewildered. "She never showed up. And she had sounded so positive about this date..." he trailed off.

"Oh, I'm sorry." But in the back of my mind I was thinking, "Well, Cindy will be happy now." Suddenly I shivered. "You okay?"

"I'll be fine." He walked into the kitchen. "Jessica! Were you expecting a maid to come and clean up after you, perhaps?"

I had forgotten the dishes. I rushed into the kitchen, "I'm sorry, Dad. I forgot." I began frantically picking up dishes and scooping the fossilized spaghetti into the garbage. "Don't you think Cindy is old enough to do some chores? She's almost nine, you know."

"Are you saying that clearing a few dishes is too hard for you? Why, when *I* was a kid..." he droned on, successfully evading the topic of putting Cindy to work.

"Well, I'm going to bed now. When you're done with the dishes you should, too."

It's late."

"Yeah. Fine," I said shortly.

As he got up to leave the room, the phone rang.

"H'lo... Yes, this is he... What! No!... What are you talking about... Are you sure... When was this... No, it can't be true... I'm sorry... I'm sorry."

He sat down heavily.

"What's the matter?" I came over.

"It's Eliza. The reason she didn't show up was... She... She was in a car crash. She just died..." he trailed off into sobs.

"Oh, I'm sorry. So sorry."

"Yeah, well, I think I want to be alone."

I nodded, and went upstairs to my room. I met up with Cindy on the stairs. "Don't go down now. Dad's very upset. Eliza, you know, his date? She was killed."

"Yes."

"Do you understand the seriousness of this? Death isn't something that can be reversed. It's permanent."

She merely looked at me scornfully. She knew exactly what death was... and it didn't frighten her. Suddenly I couldn't stand being with this kid anymore.

"Go to bed, Cindy," I said curtly and walked upstairs without looking back.

It was dark. Cindy was standing over me. She was dressed in black. Her eyes were shining and she had the witchcraft book in her hands. She was chanting something that I couldn't understand, but somehow I knew I couldn't let her finish.

I jerked awake, panting. I groped around for my light. I was shaking and trying to get readjusted to reality. I looked over at my clock, 5:20 A.M. I reached over to turn out my light when I suddenly stiffened. There were sounds coming from Cindy's room, and I had heard them before -- only a minute before, it was the chant from my dream.

Quaking, I got up to check what she was doing, when suddenly the sounds stopped. I let out a sigh of relief. It had just been a carryover from my dream...

Or had it?

I decided to stay up to make sure I didn't hear it again. The minutes ticked by with nothing happening. I began to feel foolish. Cindy was only a little girl, my little sister for heaven's sake, not evil. I'd seen too many horror movies lately.

I drifted off to sleep on the first notes of the chant.

In the fresh reality of the morning, my dreams and suspicions seemed ridiculous; but not entirely. In fact, enough fear was still with me so that later in the morning, when I was sure Cindy was outside, I went to take another look at that book.

When I entered her room I couldn't see the book anywhere. It wasn't on either of the two pieces of furniture in the room, the high, old fashioned dresser and the narrow bed with its dark blue blanket and dust ruffle.

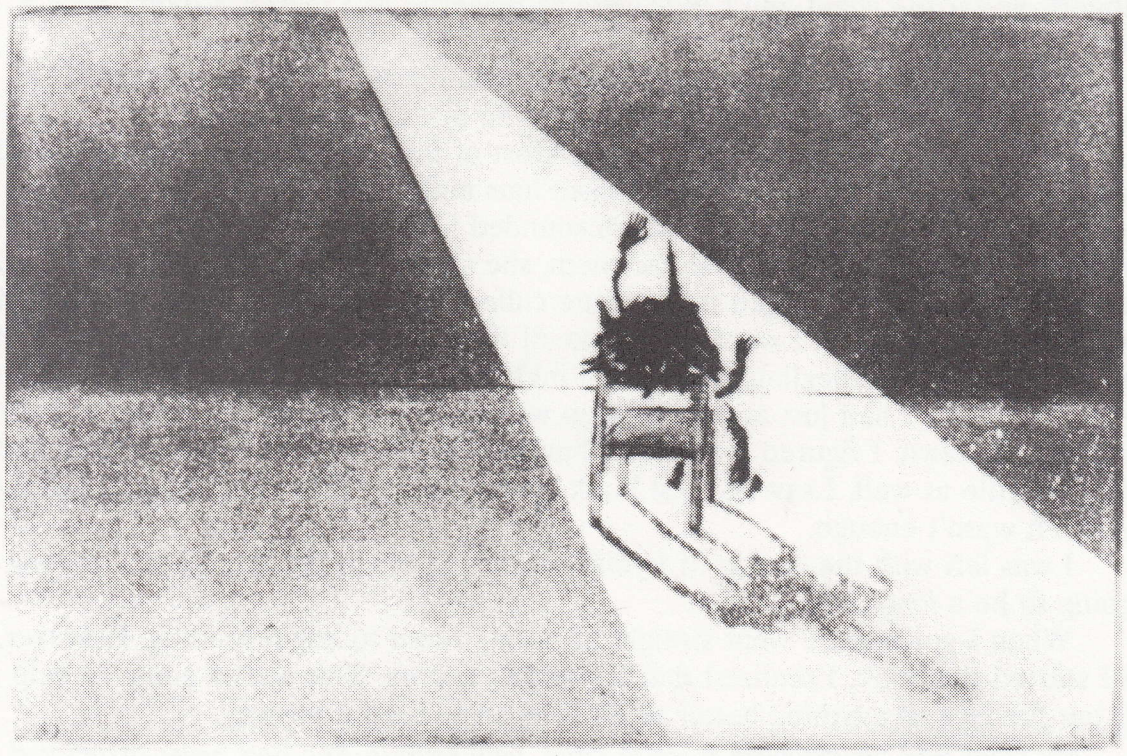


Illustration by Chris Borodenko

Then I saw it. Peeking out from under the dust ruffle was the corner of the brown book. I knelt to pick it up and found, under the bed, not just that one book but hordes of them: old, dark books with no titles. It was overwhelming. I swallowed and picked up the one book I was originally after and began to skim its pages.

In thin pointy script was a passage, written in a language I couldn't identify. I shivered. I tried to read it, searching for sounds I might recognize, when Cindy rushed into the room.

"Get out!" Her eyes were wild and her hair was flying every which way. "Get out," she repeated more calmly, but just as forcefully. Her eyes followed me, hard and full of hate until I entered my own room across the hall. She closed her door firmly, daring me to enter again.

I sat down. Although I had not gotten a chance to read the words, I was sure it was the chant. I knew that somehow or other I had to find out. Several possibilities entered my mind. A direct confrontation was out of the question. I had no evidence and no support, and if the chant and Cindy were as powerful as I feared, I didn't have a chance.

The other options were more feasible. I could read up on the subject of witchcraft, or I could attempt to catch Cindy in the act. Or both.

I went to the library that afternoon. Most of the books listed under witchcraft in the card catalog were children's tales of black hats and broomsticks, or accounts of Salem Village; but there were a few which sounded like they would fit my purpose. However, when I asked the librarian for them, she said that they were no longer library property, that they now belonged to a private collector. She became evasive when asked just who that collector was. I went around to all the libraries in the area and got similar stories from each. I was beginning to get an inkling of where my sister had gotten *her* "private collection". I had just about given up when I saw a pile of old books on my next door neighbor's lawn. I figured it wouldn't hurt to look. When I had just decided that this search was futile as well, I saw the last book in the pile, entitled The Daughter of the Dark. But it wasn't enough.

I was left with the option of trying to catch Cindy in the act. I had a feeling it was going to be a *long* night.

When I got home I went straight up to my room to begin reading. However, when I started the book, I realized that it was just a story. This wasn't going to help me at all; but for lack of anything better to do I began to read it anyway.

My sister had always been a weird child, very serious. She had never associated with other children or even adults, despite her maturity. She stayed by herself, alone with her books. She was spooky in appearance as well, with violet eyes framed by colorless skin and masses of straight, blond, nearly white hair.

However, it was not until her eighth summer that I believed she was anything more than just a strange looking, solitary kid.

I did a double take. This author was telling the story of my life. I quickly began to read again. This was Cindy's and my story down to the smallest detail, only set in a different time and place. I was going to find the answer. If she had written this book, the author must have defeated her sister. Here was my step-by-step survival guide against Cindy.

She was standing over me, chanting, but I now knew what to do. I opened my mouth and...

I turned the page. There was nothing there! The ending had been torn out. I couldn't believe it. I turned the book over and over, searching for those crucial pages. Nothing. I sat and blinked, staring at nothing. I had been so certain...

There was a knock on the door, but I only half heard it. My dad entered. "Jessica? Jessica, are you okay? I've been calling you for ten minutes. It's time for dinner."

He took a look at me. "Jess, are you okay?"

With the strength of desperation, I grabbed his shoulders and sat him down on the bed. "Dad, Cindy is a witch! She killed Mom and now she's trying to kill *me*!" My words fell over each other as they all fought to be the first one out.

My dad looked annoyed. "Jessica, is this some kind of joke? Or are you trying to get out of dinner by reason of insanity?"

I slumped down. It was hopeless. I should have known better than to tell him. He was blinded by his love and his bias.

"I...I'm sorry, Dad," I choked out an apology. "I'll come down to dinner now."

He looked at me strangely and shook his head, but said nothing. We walked downstairs in silence.

That night I again attempted to stay up, to hear if Cindy used the chant. I read a magazine for as long as I could, but after a while my eyes began to droop. Shortly before dawn I could stay awake no longer and I slept. When I was on the brink of sleep I thought I heard someone start to sing, but I couldn't be sure.

For the next few nights, I tried to stay up and hear what Cindy was doing; but I only managed to exhaust myself. I began spending every day in a daze, sleepwalking and napping. My dad began to get worried.

"Jess, have you been feeling okay? Are you sick?"

"No, Dad, I'm fine," I yawned. "Just a little tired, that's all."

"Are you sure?" He looked worried. "I think you'd better stay in bed. I'll bring you up some soup later." He bent and kissed the top of my head. From around the staircase, Cindy glared at me.

Later, as he was bringing up my soup, I heard Cindy say something, and my dad replied, "No, Cindy, not now. I have to be with Jessica. She's not feeling well."

You could feel the anger and jealousy seeping out of her.

I heard her mumble, "A threat... can't have... rid of..." and a chill ran down my spine. I knew tonight was the night. I would have to stay awake or risk never waking up again.

As my dad left the room with the empty soup bowl, he said, "Oh, by the way, Jess, I put some medicine in your soup. I've been seeing your light on all night. This should help you sleep."

I gave a kind of strangled yelp. What was going to happen? I could already feel the drug pulling me down into sleep. I fought to stay awake...

It was dark when I awoke. Cindy was standing over me. She was dressed in black. Her eyes were shining and she had the old, brown, witchcraft book in her hands. She was chanting those sounds which I now knew so well, but I still did not understand or know how to fight.

I could feel paralysis creeping through my limbs. I tried to call for help, but only succeeded in croaking, "Dad, help."

Cindy glared at me and the malice in her eyes was enough to effectively paralyze me.

I shut my eyes, hoping that if I couldn't see what was happening, it wouldn't happen.

"So this is what it feels like to know you are about to die," was the thought that crossed my mind. I began to sink into unconsciousness.

"What's going on in here?"

My eyes snapped open. My dad was standing in the doorway.

"You!" Cindy hissed, and I heard the thud of his body hitting the floor.

"Oh, my chest," he moaned, "I can't breathe."

Suddenly I realized I could move. The effort of striking Dad down had taken her focus off of me. I felt a surge of adrenaline, and I reached out, snatching the book from Cindy.

To my surprise she made no protest. She simply stood, slack-jawed, hands outstretched over my dad, whispering, "What have I done? What have I done?" My dad was now barely conscious.

I gathered my energy and began whispering the words on the page in front of me.

When Cindy realized what was happening, she whipped around with an animal-like snarl.

I continued to chant, my voice gaining strength.

I heard a high pitched squeal come from Cindy and looked up to see what was happening.

Her head was thrown back; her body arched convulsively. I stopped reading, horrified at the sight, and she collapsed on the floor.

"Cindy! Cindy, where are you?" My only answer is a giggle. "Cindy, it's time for the party."

She appears from behind a bush. "Cindy a big girl now. Me *ten*," she says, holding up ten fingers.

"Yes, Cindy is ten today. Now, Daddy is calling. It's time for Cindy to go inside and get ready for her party."

Her mind has never fully recovered from that terrible day when she almost killed me and my dad. Now on her tenth birthday, it seems as if she's only two.

She runs up to the house with only the sound of her babyish laughter lingering behind.

Jenny Brandes

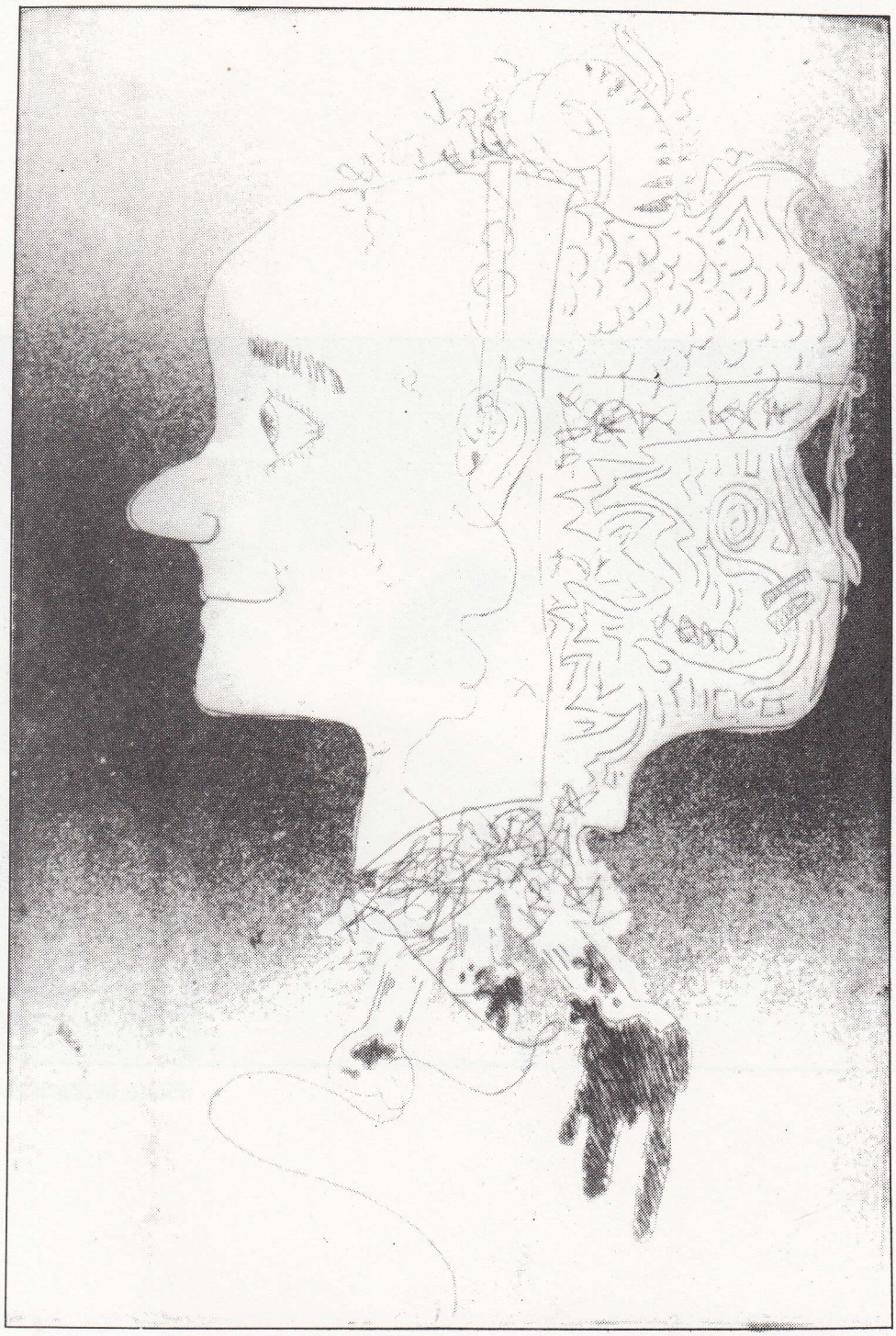


Illustration by Jay Kelsi

Photo by Zach Brown

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLLED IN

When the clouds rolled in
Dark and thick
Billowing above the hills
Turning the sky black,
When gusts of wind blew through the woods
Throwing dust and leaves into the air
They knew the storm would come.

There was a girl riding horseback in the ring
Her braided hair bouncing off her back.
As she trotted by
The animal's hooves kicked up dirt and rocks.
She had never ridden
This beautiful brown mare
Who she wanted to train.
The horse was tense,
Not used to the place.

When the clouds rolled in...

They warned the girl
To get off
And bring the horse inside.
It would be safer,
They said,
Not to ride the unbroken animal
In this kind of weather.
But the girl was teaching the mare to jump
And didn't want to return.

When the clouds rolled in...

They asked her again
If it wouldn't be better
To come indoors now.
It could be dangerous
If the storm broke
And the thunder started
While she was on the horse.
The girl laughed
And said she was in control.
No horse would ever throw her.

When the clouds rolled in...

The animal ignored the crop
Trying to avoid the obstacle before her.
Eventually she was forced to jump.
The girl wanted the mare to go higher
With better form.
As they approached the fence
The horse was stubborn,
Prancing about
And sticking her behind
Out to the side.

When the clouds rolled in...

The wind died down;
An uneasy stillness settled on the place.
The clouds began to move faster
Faster, faster.
As one mass they devoured the sky above the girl
But she continued riding
Unaware of the storm all around her
Unaware of the passing time.

The girl wanted to jump higher.
She heard a low rumble in the distance,
The storm was near.
She thought of how they'd warned her
Of the danger.
Maybe they'd been right
She wanted this horse to jump, though
She wanted to jump high.

When the clouds rolled in...

The horse jumped once more.

The girl kept her form
Bent at the waist
Eyes focused straight ahead.
Then, as she was trotting off
In her departure
The thunder cracked
Overhead.
Echoing.

Birds
Seeking shelter
In the trees surrounding the ring
Flew out
In one terrified surge
Towards the sky.
The noise and movement
Frightened the horse.
She reared and turned.

The girl,
Taken unaware,
Was thrown.
Hitting the side of the jump,
She lay there
Her neck broken.

The horse stood still.
Waiting.
The storm broke.
The thunder and lightning raging above
As the rain fell.

When the clouds rolled in.

Eva Levinson

Photo by Sara Kramer

Photo by Sara Kramer

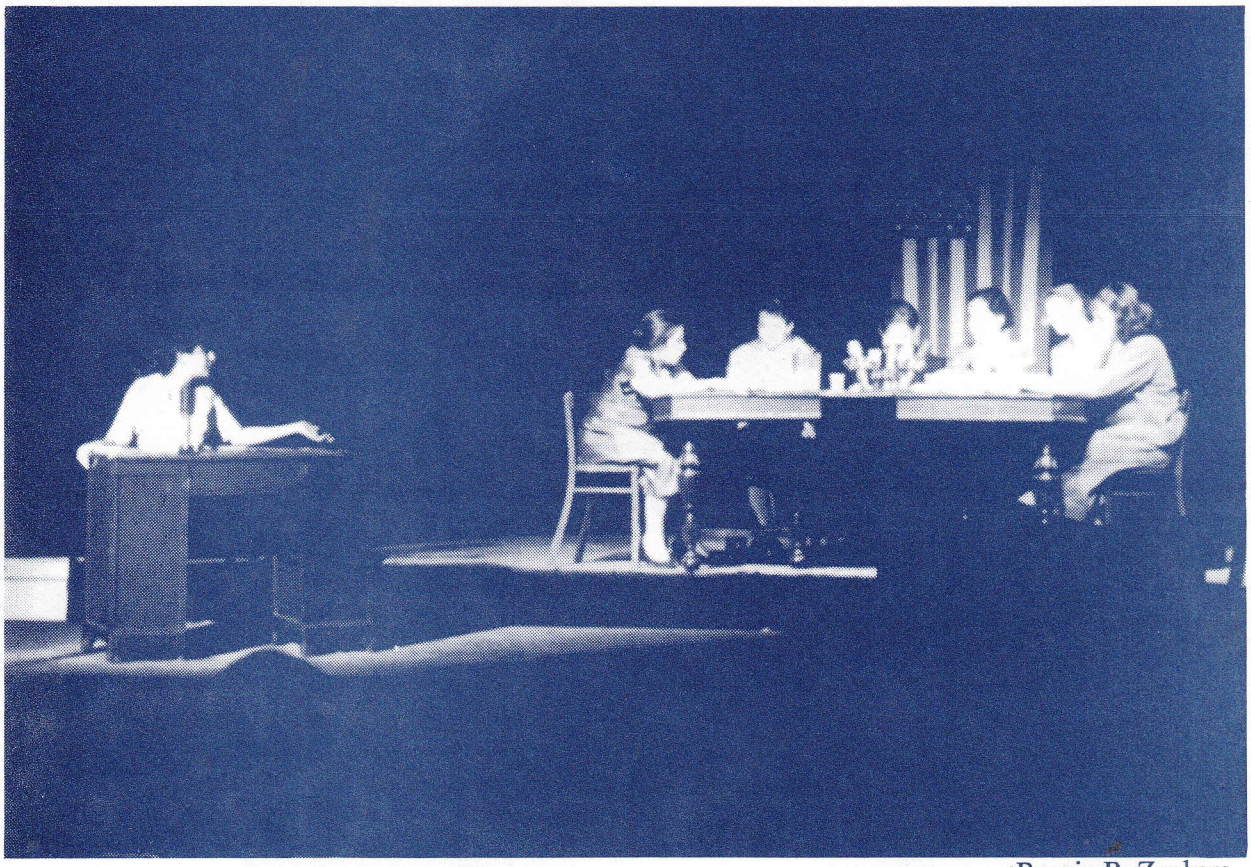
Performing Arts

Wherever and whenever
the piece is put on,
it is April.

--Willa Cather

Between weaving and music lies the Actor's Studio. Enter a realm of fantasy led by our intrepid explorers, Scott and Wendy. Every morning at 9:00 a.m., we begin our journey into a world of scene study and character development. In addition to our morning nirvana, our lives are further enriched by productions directed by our fearless leaders. That's Absurd was the initial performance opportunity for fellow thespians, followed by The Good Doctor, Are You Now or Have You Ever Been, Brecht on Brecht, and Why Can't I Be Me? Our brilliant summer came around full circle with the Festival production of Under Milkwood. All in all, the season proved successful for the Actor's Studio.

Thea Shoulson
Sahar Mitchell
Keri Chaimowitz



Reggie B. Zankers

ACTOR'S STUDIO

Actor's Studio

CLOWNING

Dear Mom and Pop,

Wow! You won't believe what happened to me this summer! I was greeted by nine screaming banshees, one screaming "wilderbeast," and "The Gabe." They decided to change me from a shop into a studio and paint my walls white so all the color can come from within. They gave me a new floor and painted it puke-gray -- what a color! And eventually all the campers came! From then on, there was always life within my walls. Never a day went by when someone didn't whine, "GABE!" And I even learned Fred's philosophy of "the gesture before the word." Thanks to "Clown Shorts," everyone knows what would happen if someone else's props were touched. Believe me, I kept my hands to myself! But those clowns couldn't keep their hands off each other! (They were constantly giving each other massages.) And we had our scary moments, like the first time they put up slack wire. I thought my walls would cave in! But they didn't and the clowns were really great at juggling, cigar boxes, and devil sticks! Although I got really dirty, those C.I.T.'s helped keep me clean! I really had an amazing summer!

Regards from Fred, Josh, Dan, Charlie, Jodi, Jon, Austin, Ali, Jason, Vanessa, and all the clown regulars!

Love,
The Clown Shop

P.S. Send Food!

Jodi Sherman & Jon Friedman

Clowning

Photo by Marnie Goodfriend

MYTHS ABOUT THE DANCE STUDIO

We really did set up the swings and hammocks for dance purposes.

We never go into early meals claiming that we have rehearsal.

We always wake up with the gong and come to the studio to sweep, mop, and wash the mirror.

We never ask for massages.

We always eat vegetables at every meal and never ask for dessert.

We really appreciate the wildlife, which has graced us with its presence -- the cat that threw up on the floor and the vampire moths from hell.

We always come 15 minutes before rehearsal to warm up.

We only get fruit and water instead of punch and cookies for snack.

We really can count below five and above eight.

We never lie down in front of the fan during classes or rehearsals.

We do use the couch and bed for props.

We never complain.

We always wear our leotards and tights (without runs or holes) to class.

We never, in a million years, would think about gloating over our victorious softball game.

And we never, ever lie.

Addie Male
Nadine Robins
Lauren Wolfe

Photo by Staci Lichterman

Dance

GUITAR

Buck's Rock offers many artistic ways to express yourself. Some, however, are inferior to others. One of the Superior art forms is the Guitar. Ben Lapidus, our guitar instructor, teaches all levels of the guitar, from beginners who are just starting with a rented guitar to advanced students who have been playing for years. He teaches any kind of music that his students want to learn.

I came to Buck's Rock and had a hard time getting started. There were times when I had nothing to do. That was until I found the guitar. I began to spend most of my time practicing until I was told that practicing and hanging out were the same thing. Whether or not this is true, the guitar is a great instrument that I have a lot of fun with whether practicing, playing, or taking my lessons. Even though there are many art forms at Buck's Rock, I enjoy guitar the most.

Photo by Esther Ting

Guitar

L.S.D. is not a drug. The letters stand for Lighting and Sound Design. It is one of the most rewarding experiences in camp. In L.S.D., we design the lighting and audio segments of the plays. Afterwards, the counselors ask campers if they would like to hang lights and set up the sound equipment. Once the set is finished, the counselors select anxious campers to run the sound and lighting boards. This way, the "electronic chiefs" can see the magic of what a few lights do for a production.

This year, we worked on Machinal, Museum, Little Shop of Horrors, dance night, clown night, and numerous Actor's Studio productions. With the help of counselors, Charles "Geekman" Kaiser, Stuart "Stuey" Thomas, Joseph Osterneck, and John Aron, along with J.C.'s, Luke Miller and Larry (Wawwy) Levine, campers learned that anything could be fixed for a mushroom-and-onion or pepperoni pizza.

P.S. The P.A. system has finally been revived from last summer and is now fully functional (except when two people talk at the same time).

Josh "Demon Boy" Levin

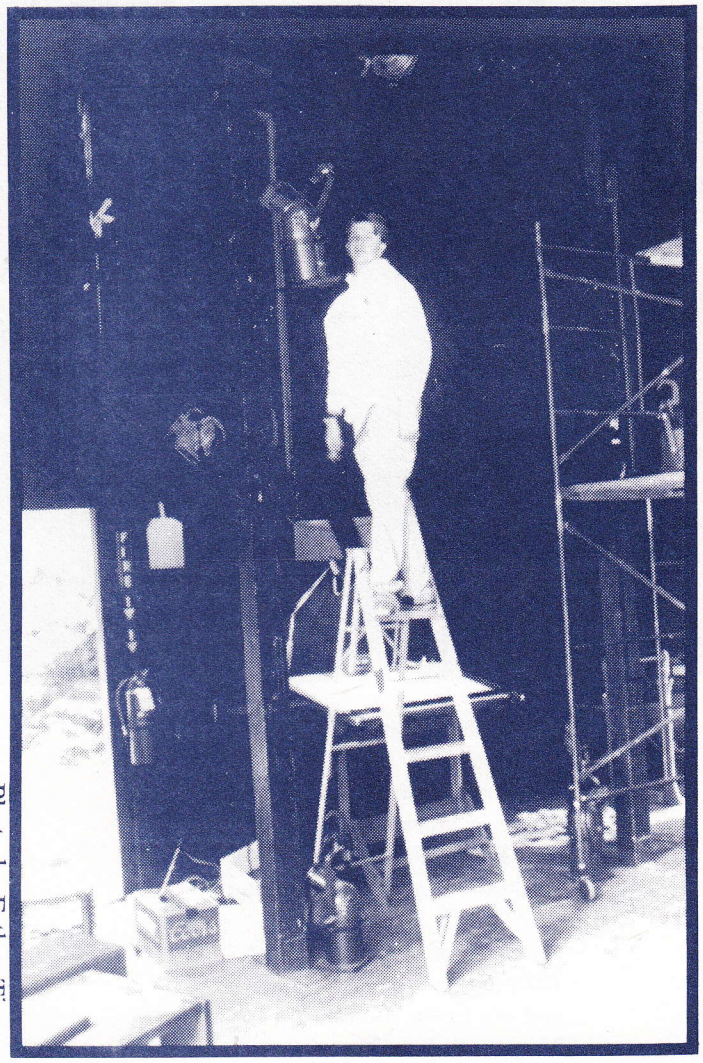


Photo by Esther Ting

Photo by Esther Ting

L.S.D

MUSHED

The Music Shed
'tis a beautiful place,
full of laughter, mirth and song.
Made of wood and nails,
and the sounds of scales,
it's where concerts begin at the gong.

Can be heard are ensembles
rehearsing non-stop
to give a performance for art's sake.
Like the orchestra playing,
and somebody saying,
"When do we get our break?"

Photo by Gabe Eber

Rock, improv and jazz,
all directed by Susan
are worthwhile groups to attend.
There is Mark's brass group,
plus Richard's singing troupe
as shows I would recommend.

Sharp Cheddar's the newest.
They sing a capella
and it's Erika Blumberg's creation.
They started in June,
are always in tune,
and it's really a pleasure to listen.

So the Mushed lives on,
with lots of care
from Josh, Becca, Richard and John.
Also, Susan, Mark, Cindi
Erika, Helen and Dan
leave behind laughter, mirth, and song.

by Beth Weisman

Music Shed

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A VERSATILE MIME

Click, click, smile, bright eyes, spin turn, folded arms, neutral expression, magnetic connection, slide arms forward, back again, freeze, jam arms, spin turn, arch back, extend arms, erk, erk, woosh, woosh, spin turn, mirror image, slowly up and down, side to side, spit, spin turn, neutral expression, stand tall and straight, fist clenched, waist height, creak, pivot, boom, spin turn, arms extended, up and out, legs a little wider than shoulder width, sway slowly side to side, lights out.

Dina Gould

Mime

SUMMER THEATRE

Okay, so here's our article.

First of all, we'd like to dispose of those "theatre myths," like:

1. Theatre C.I.T.'s don't really work. (As Charlie M. once said, "We do plays and stuff.")

2. Theatre people are pretentious and all alike. (We don't think we're better than everyone. We know it. Right, Barbara? Right Barbara?)

3. We're vulgar and overtly sexual. (Okay, maybe that one's true.)

4. Theatre people do nothing but theatre. ("Hey, I did batik!" as spoken by Sahar.)

5. We can't work without a script. (Wait, I know I have a rebuttal for that, uh... I...um... LINE!!!)

6. We don't care if you spell it: T-H-E-A-T-E-R. (Anyone who spells it that way does not deserve to live and prosper.)

So that's our summer. We made you cry (Machinal), we made you laugh (Museum), and we made you sick (Little Shop of Horrors).

We leave you with these immortal words....WE GET RESPECT...and stuff. May it never rain on your tech.

Rachel Burk
Jessica Meyer
Sahar Mitchell

Summer Theatre

First there was light. Then there were humans. Then there was Sam Pocker. Then there was a brave, silly kind of radio station called WBBC. It came equipped with five semi-able staff members. Then came Mr. Steve "The Loop" Ansell, the head of the shop. Following him came Rachel "Ohhh, I Love this Song" Laschever and Chris "What's the Skinny?" Dicke.

Created next was the hardest working J.C., Doug "The Boy Who Wakes Up in Strange Places" Freniere. Last, but not least, came our multi-talented C.I.T., Dave "The Boy Who Can Do a 360 Degree Double Pump Slam Dunk While Drinking Chocolate Milk in His Sleep" Sandford.

This year, we painted the studio, installed the hot pink couch, continued Buck Rocks (the ultimate music trivia game), had every type of conversation at 11:00 a.m., played Jenga, did roll call, had pumpernickel shows, and of course... supplied the camp with good vibrations.

So, as I bid farewell to another musical summer, I will say, keep those speakers on and stay happy!

P.S. Yes, Caan, the coffee's on!

WBBC's Last Will and Testament

Steve Ansell- a gold guitar, a "Moonchild" world tour, an organized office, a job at the Actor's Studio and peace, love and bologna.

Chris Dicke- smaller feet, a new surname, the ablity to fly, and a conveyor belt to bring snack to the shop.

Rachel Laschever- Geddy Lee's phone number, less stress, a crate of coolers, and "Snapperhead".

Doug Freniere- A working timepiece, someone to woo, and another eight inches of blond hair.

David "C.I.T. Man" Sandford- a goatee beard, an eleven foot Serious Hat and....**JENGA**.

Noah "C.I.T.I.T." Tarnow- Life, love, and happiness in Canada. Take care Noah, we'll miss you always.

Photo by Jena Axelrod

W.B.B.C

VIDEO

Here at the Video Shop we do many different things. We have in-depth conversations about world affairs and we fight off people who want to watch videos (especially the "Good Time Jubilee"). In the first month, campers made two films, one about a poor boy named Melvin, and another about gangsters. Right now we are working on a wide variety of new videos, having just completed a music video of a Lenny Kravitz song. Although making movies is our speciality, our favorite activities are making fun of Alex's curly hair and Annalisa's Italian accent.

Mandy Lightcap
Kirsten Johnson
Blake Mann

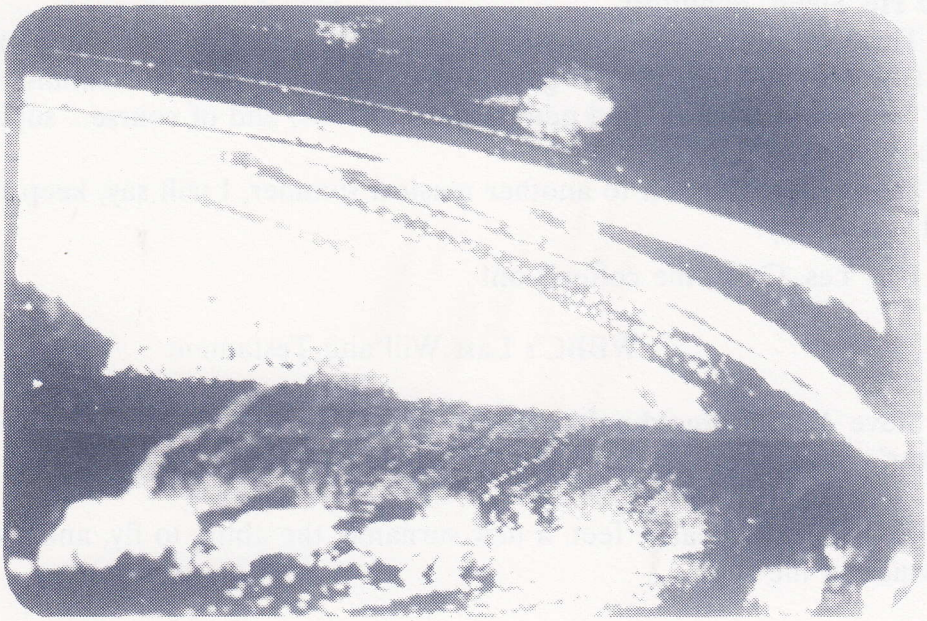


Photo by Gabe Eber

Video